

T H E
CRITICAL REVIEW.

For M A R C H, 1796.

Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the Abate Metastasio. In which are incorporated, Translations of his principal Letters. By Charles Burney, Mus.D. F.R.S. In Three Volumes. 8vo. 1l. 1s. Boards. Robinsons. 1796.

TO the admirers of Italian poetry and music, an account of the life of Metastasio cannot fail to be acceptable;—but it is not they alone who will confess themselves obliged to his English biographer for introducing to their acquaintance a character so truly worthy of admiration and esteem.

It is observed in the Preface—

‘ The history of a hero, is to be found in his *public* transactions; and that of a man of letters, in his *private* correspondence. The most authentic and satisfactory history of Cicero, is to be gathered from his *Epistolæ Familiares*, or private letters, not intended for publication; the letters of Erasmus compose the best part of Dr. Jortin’s Life of that honest and learned divine; as the letters of Petrarch do of his Memoirs by the Abbé de Sade; and above all, the letters of Gray, ingeniously incorporated by his friend Mr. Mason in his Memoirs, which have always appeared to me the most agreeable species of biography that has ever been published. Dr. Johnson, in his admirable Lives of our Poets, though his opinions concerning the merit of some of them are disputed, and have never satisfied my own mind, has manifested such powers of intellect, and profound critical knowledge, as will probably settle the national opinion on many subjects of literature upon an immovable foundation. Indeed his biographical sketches are more confined to discriminative criticism on the works of our poets, than their manners and private life; but of Metastasio, whose writings are well known to breathe the most noble sentiments, and purest morality, we wished to know how his private life corresponded with his public principles. And how could this be better discovered by a foreigner, at the distance of London from Vienna, than by his Letters?’ Vol. i. P. v.

The letters of Metastasio, which are selected with judgment, and arranged with accuracy, form the chief part of
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these Memoirs. The remarkable incidents of the poet's life are few and simple.—Born in an humble station, he at ten years of age had the good fortune to excite the attention of the signor Gravina, an eminent civilian, while reciting extempore verses to a crowd that had gathered round his father's shop to listen to the little bard. By this civilian he was adopted; and from his liberality he received an education worthy of his talents. He was destined by his patron for the law, and was stimulated by the most lively gratitude, as well as profound respect for the sentiments of his benefactor, to turn his back upon Parnassus. His desertion of the Muses was however but temporary;—after the death of his benefactor he seems to have returned to them with redoubled ardour; and though he made a second attempt at Naples to tear himself from the influence of their fascination, and to resume the study of jurisprudence, he found his fortitude unequal to the task. His early powers of extemporaneous poetry are displayed in the following anecdote—

‘ The poet having a law-suit on his hands, for part of the possessions bequeathed to him in that kingdom (Naples) by the civilian, applied to this princess (Belmonte) for her interest with the judge, (an iniquitous practice in almost every country, but England,) and she told him, if he would first make her mistress of the subject, by pleading his own cause himself, *all'improvista*, and convince her that justice was on his side, she would use her utmost influence in his favour. He at first excused himself, on account of want of practice, in a faculty which he had discontinued for many years. But the princess persisting in her wish, as the only condition on which she should interest herself in the business, he at length began, and pleaded his cause *in a song*, with such lively and insinuating expressions, that he soon drew tears from his patroness. And while he was in the act of *incantation*, other company came in, who were equally affected by his *enchantments*. The next day, princess Belmonte applied to the judges, begged, prayed, and related, not only the merits of the cause, but the extraordinary talents of her client; intreating them to be present at a similar exhibition. A day being fixed, and Metastasio desired to repeat his pleadings to a new audience in the princess's palace, he consented; and without repeating a single verse of what he had sung before, such were the fire, elegance, and touching enthusiasm of his numbers, as left not a dry eye in the room. The cause was soon after juridically determined in his favour.

‘ We will suppose from the innate probity and honour of Metastasio, that he had justice as well as poetry on his side; but when eloquence, or a firen voice is employed to confound right and wrong, *facts*, which should alone determine legal right, are so concealed, disguised, and perverted, that justice, which should be not
only

only *blind* but *deaf* to all but facts, is totally banished the court.' Vol. i. p. 33.

It was at Naples that the first dramatic performance of Metastasio was produced, in the year 1724, when the poet was 26 years of age. In this opera (*Didone*) the poet is said to have received some assistance from the enlightened taste of the actress Romanina, between whom and the author, there from that time subsisted the most steady and generous friendship. In the year 1729, Metastasio was honoured with the appointment of poet laureat to the emperor Charles VI. a prince who supported his lyric theatre with generous magnificence. The poet, with little hesitation, accepted of the imperial invitation, and spent at Vienna the remainder of his life,—a life which, notwithstanding his reiterated complaints of the delicacy of his constitution, was prolonged to his 85th year,—terminating at Vienna the 12th of April, 1782. However advantageous his situation at the imperial court may in other respects have been, we cannot observe, without regret, the fetters that were put upon his genius, nor restrain our admiration at the degree of excellence to which he has attained under such insufferable restraints. His Muse was in a state of perpetual requisition. Not a birth-day, name-day, or wedding-day, of any of the imperial family, was ever suffered to pass without calling her to the parade, where she must perform her salute with the formality of a guard soldier. Metastasio describes his own feelings upon this subject in a lively manner—

‘ In spite of the obstinate and insufferable impertinence of my nervous complaints, and the employment allotted to me by my imperial patroness, I cannot postpone acknowledging the receipt of my dear Gemello’s most welcome letter of the 28th of January. For my most heinous sins, the dramatic ladies in *Il Re Pastore*, and the music, have so much pleased her majesty the empress, that she has commanded me to write another drama to be performed next May, made of the same metal. In the present state of my poor head, from the constant tension of my nerves, it is a terrible task to be obliged to converse with these harlots the Muses; but my labours are rendered infinitely more intolerable, by the manner in which I am manacled. Greek and Roman subjects are excluded from my jurisdiction, because these nymphs are not to exhibit their chaste limbs; so that I must have recourse to oriental history, in order not to shew the nakedness of the land, that the robes and ornaments of those nations may entirely envelope the actresses who are to represent the characters of men. The contrast of vice and virtue is impracticable in these dramas, because no one of the troop will act an odious part. Nor can I avail myself of more than five personages, for the most convincing reason assigned by the governor of a castle;

who would not crowd the presence of his superiors. The time of representation, the changes of scene, the airs, and almost the number of verses are limited: now pray tell me, if all these embarrassments would not make a patient man mad? Then imagine to yourself their effects on me, the high-priest of all the complaints incident to this miserable valley of tears. I have no other comfort for my support, than the constant clemency of my most benign sovereign, confirmed every day by new testimonies. The last, on account of the representation of *Il Re Pastore*, was that of a magnificent gold candlestick, with an extinguisher and snuffers of the same metal, of a considerable weight, and of excellent workmanship; and accompanied with an obliging command *to take care of my light*. Now I beg you will learn to respect my little *peepers*, which are so greatly patronized.' Vol. ii. p. 15.

'I received your very dear letter, which found me engaged with the muses, in compliance with your wishes, notwithstanding all the infernal regions seem to have conspired in disturbing me. I have a whole volume of instructions to draw up for the printer of a new edition of my works at Paris. I ought to new write a whole opera: to accommodate three festive dramas for Schloßstroff, whither the court goes at its return from Bohemia: to write and make additions to songs and choruses for the same occasion: to furnish an idea, in writing, for a German comedy to be represented before their majesties in the military college of Neustadt; and, moreover, have been obliged to invent and draw out at full length, the idea of a magnificent picture, which my most august mistress has ordered to be painted for the ceiling of the great hall of this university, that is now building at her expence.' Vol. ii. p. 123.

But notwithstanding the imperial present of the gold candlestick, &c. we do not find that the fortune of the poet was much increased by the munificence of his royal patrons. A letter to his friend Farinelli is thus introduced by his biographer—

'In the next letter to his old and zealous friend, he resumes the unfortunate subject of his Neapolitan place; and speaks of the persecutions of fortune, in spite of all the favour and partiality of the four principal sovereigns in Europe, with equal energy and indignation. And it does seem, as if princes were more negligent, or less able than is generally imagined, to reward such captivating talents as Metastasio's, even at the time when they were most enchanted by them, and when they most openly confessed their obligations. That no one of these princes would encourage the seizure of a purchased place, in order to reward his merit at another's expence, was a virtuous forbearance; but that no one of them, or that all together, would not indemnify the poet's loss by an adequate pension, is a most marvellous instance of the inefficacy of royal favour!' Vol. i. p. 340.

The passage alluded to is—

‘ I begin to wish that some author would take it into his head to write my life, and without the least deviation from truth, would begin thus : “ In the eighteenth century, lived a certain Abate Metastasio, a tolerable poet among bad ones : neither handsome nor ugly ; more full of wants than avarice ; with the fair-sex tender, but respectful ; faithful to his friends, though useless ; endowed with a desire to do good, but devoid of the means. He laboured during his whole life, at once to instruct and delight mankind ; but fortune was always so much his foe, that in spite of the rectitude, pity, and grandeur, of the most just sovereigns in Europe, he had been deprived, without a crime, of the miserable reward of his innumerable labours, and the means of securing the least provision for old age.’ Vol. i. p. 342.

The poetical abilities of Metastasio are not the object of our present criticism. In his letters he gives many proofs that he possessed much merit both as a critic and a philosopher. The amiable qualities of his heart are every where evident. After the death of the Romanina, who had bequeathed to him her fortune, he thus expresses himself to his brother—

‘ In my present agitation for the unexpected death of the poor generous Marianne, my utmost efforts will enable me to write but little. I can only tell you, that both my honour and conscience have obliged me to relinquish, in favour of her husband, Domenico, that bequest which she intended for me. I owe to the world an indisputable proof, that my friendship for her, was neither built upon avarice, nor self-interest. I ought not to abuse the partiality of my poor deceased friend, at the expence of her husband ; and God, I trust, will permit me to prosper, by some other means for my integrity. For myself, I am in want of no more than my present income ; for my family, I have sufficient at Rome for their comfortable support. Indeed if it shall please God to continue to me my present Neapolitan resources, I shall be able to give further proofs of my affection for my relations, and for yourself in particular. Communicate these resolutions to our father, to whom I am unable to write at present. Assure him of my fixt determination to assist him always, as I have hitherto done ; or rather, to increase that assistance, if things are prosperous at Naples. In short, I beg you will use your utmost endeavours to make him enter into my reasons, that I may not be afflicted with his disapprobation of my honest and Christian procedure.

‘ In the mean time, I beg you will unite interests with signor Domenico, from whom I hope you will experience that friendship, which may be expected in return for the confidence and consideration with which I have treated him. I have transmitted to him proper powers for transacting my money concerns, so that all things

will go on as usual. But the poor Marianne will never return! and I believe that the rest of my life will be insipid and sorrowful. Condemn not, I entreat you, my resolution, and believe me ever yours.' Vol. i. p. 106.

‘He expressed his sensibility for the loss of the Romanina, in the same affectionate manner, to another correspondent.

‘Was it necessary for such a calamity to happen, in order to procure me the long wished for pleasure of hearing from you? At least, since the price is so great, I beg it may be continued, to mitigate, by the renovation of our intercourse, the remembrance of my misfortune; a remembrance which seems to have placed me in the world as in a populous desert, and in that kind of desolation in which a man, if he were transported in his sleep to China or Tartary, would find himself in waking, among people of whose language, inclinations, and manners, he was quite ignorant. In the midst of these imaginations, reason enough is left to tell me who, and what I am; but that is not sufficient to free me from affliction. May God, in whose hands are all events, turn this affliction to my benefit, and teach me by such a manifestation, what a vain hope it is, to form systems of happiness without his assistance. You advise me to go to Rome in order to settle, in person, the affair of the testament made in my favour by the generous deceased; but if I were not prevented by the duties of my station, and the present tempestuous state of Italy, you see, that by renouncing all claims to this inheritance, such a step becomes wholly unnecessary. I know not whether my renunciation will be approved by all; but I know very well, that neither my honour nor conscience would permit me to abuse the excessive partiality of a poor woman, to the detriment of her relations, and that even the want of necessaries would be much more tolerable to me, than the shame of such an action.’ Vol. i. p. 108.

His letters to his father and brother are remarkable for the lively expressions of filial and fraternal tenderness: but it is in his correspondence with Farinelli, that we behold a proof of the most steady and disinterested friendship,—a friendship which subsisted, without interruption or abatement, for a period of nearly sixty years!

(To be continued.)

The Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy. Vol. V. 4to. 18s. Boards. Elmsley. 1795.

AT the beginning of this volume, under the division of *Science*, we find—

I. A Comparative View of Meteorological Observations made in Ireland since the Year 1788; with some Hints towards forming

forming Prognostics of the Weather. By Richard Kirwan, Esq. LL. D. F. R. S. and M. R. I. A.

In this paper the learned author brings together observations made by himself and other persons in Ireland, and also in England. In treating of the signs of wet and dry weather, Mr. Kirwan observes—

‘ If meteorological observations were taken at proper distances all over the globe, and with tolerable accuracy, they probably would in a few years disclose that connexion which all the phænomena of the atmosphere have with each other, and the particular species of weather which would take place in any given region might be foreseen either to a certainty or at least to a high degree of probability, but until this happens, the only use of meteorological tables, as far as regards the art of forming prognostics, is to exhibit a view of the sort of weather that most usually precedes wet, dry, hot or cold seasons (these being the modifications most interesting as well to agriculture as to medicine) and tracing their recurrency by the laws of probability. With us, however, these four species of weather may be reduced to two, as winters and springs if dry are most commonly cold, or warm if moist; and on the contrary, dry summers and autumns are usually hot, and moist summers cold. The usual mean heat of summer in those parts of the kingdom that lie between latitude $52^{\circ} 30'$ and $53^{\circ} 30'$ is 58 degrees, as I believe, and of winter is 44° .

‘ On perusing a multitude of observations taken in England from 1677 to 1789 at different intervals, I find,

‘ 1st, That when there has been no storm before or after the vernal equinox, the ensuing summer is generally dry, at least five times in six.

‘ 2d, That when a storm happens from any easterly point, either on the 19th, 20th, or 21st of March, the succeeding summer is generally dry, four times in five.

‘ 3d, That when a storm arises on the 25th, 26th, or 27th of March, and not before, in any point, the succeeding summer is generally dry, four times in five.

‘ 4th, If there be a storm at S. W. or W. S. W. on the 19th, 20th, 21st, or 22d, the succeeding summer is generally wet, five times in six.

‘ Again, I observe that it generally rains less in March than in November in the proportion at a medium of seven to twelve.

‘ It generally rains less in April than in October in the proportion of one to two nearly at a medium; I believe it to be otherwise in Ireland.

‘ It generally rains less in May than in September; the chances that it does are at least as four to three; but when it rains plentifully in May (as 1.8 inches or more) it generally rains but little in September;

ber; and when it rains one inch or less in May, it rains plentifully in September; this applies not only to England and Ireland, but also I believe to all the western parts of Europe.' P. 19.

II. Reflections on Meteorological Tables, ascertaining the precise Signification of the Terms, Wet, Dry, and Variable. By the same author.—Mr. Kirwan observes—

' In my former paper on this subject I endeavoured to shew one important purpose to which the observations of a number of years already made by Doctor Rutton might be applied, but found myself not a little embarrassed by the undefined use of the terms *wet* and *dry*, so frequently applied to the periods observed. To remove this embarrassment I measured the quantity of rain, and observed its duration during some of the periods that are decidedly deemed wet, both here and in England, and have thereby been enabled to fix in some measure the sense of these terms; for I have observed that calling the day that space of time during which men are usually occupied in the open air, viz. from six o'clock in the morning to six in the evening, we account a day wet if it rains above half that period, that is seven hours, and if the quantity of rain that falls during that time is nearly one pound troy (or more) on the space of one square foot; which quantity would rise in a hollow cube of that dimension to the height of 0.157639. It is by this last method that the quantity of rain is usually indicated in meteorological tables, without any regard however to its duration.

' If the quantity of rain that falls in seven hours be only about half a pound, it is called only a mizzle. If it considerably exceeds one pound, and lasts eight, nine, or ten hours, the day is called exceeding wet; on such days I have known it to rain five or six pounds. On the contrary, if it rains one pound in two hours, particularly in the morning, and all the rest of the day is fine, we shall scarce call it wet, but at most a variable day.

' Hence the wetness or dryness of any other period is generally in a compound ratio of its quantity and duration.' P. 31.

III. State of the Weather in Dublin, from the 1st of June 1791, to the 1st of June 1793. By the same author.—After having accurately detailed the highest, lowest, and mean state of the barometer and thermometer in Dublin for the year 1792, he makes the following observations—

' I shall first compare the wetness of the seasons with the rules of probability above given.

' 1st, In the spring months there fell 4,374 inches of rain, that is above two per month on an average, therefore this season was wet. Most rain fell in the first month.

' 2dly, The spring being wet, the probability of a wet summer was 5-6ths. by the fifth rule; accordingly, except in June, it rained

rained above two inches in each month, and upon an average above three. However it rained but forty-eight days instead of fifty-four.

‘ 3dly, The summer being wet, the probability of wet, dry, and variable autumns were as 3, 5, and 12, by the eighth rule; however it turned out wet, which was the least probable event. It rained forty-eight days, and there fell above 5.8 inches.

‘ Again, after a wet spring and wet summer the probabilities of wet, dry, and variable autumns were 1, 2 and 2 respectively by the eleventh rule; by which it appears that the wetness of this autumn was perfectly extraordinary, and not to be expected.

‘ Lastly, there were storms on the 19th and 20th of March from the South, therefore the probability of a wet summer was 5 to 1 according to the fourth observation.

‘ The most important changes that take place in the atmosphere seem to me to be those that happen five or six days before, or during, or five or six days after the vernal equinox, that is, from the 16th to the 28th of March. In Dublin the natural height of the barometer is 30 inches, but in the above-mentioned period its mean height was 29,838, that is 0.162 parts of an inch too low; and the mean height of the whole month was 29,707, that is 0.293 parts of an inch too low, or below the standard height. Yet the wind was chiefly S. or S. W. which seems to denote an accumulation in that quarter; for otherwise why should it blow from a warmer to a colder region?’ P. 48.

IV. Examination of the supposed Igneous Origin of Stony Substances. By the same author.—In this paper Mr. Kirwan undertakes to confute the hypothesis of Dr. Hutton of Edinburgh, with respect to the formation of stony substances. Dr. Hutton has endeavoured to prove, that, previous to the present state of our globe, they were utterly deprived of solidity, and have since acquired it by fusion, and subsequent congelation on cooling. Dr. Hutton urges with great force the difficulties attending the supposition of a watery fusion, viz. that we find strata consolidated by a number of substances which water cannot dissolve,—by fluor, by siliceous bodies, by sulphureous and bituminous substances, and by metals. To Dr. Hutton’s hypothesis of fusion by heat, Mr. Kirwan objects the difficulty of supposing that such vast and intense fires can be supported in the bowels of the earth under the compression which Dr. Hutton supposes necessary to conspire to the effect; for this compression excludes the possibility of a free admission of air, which is requisite for rapid combustion, and probably for all combustion whatever. We are inclined on the whole to give the preference to the hypothesis of Mr. Kirwan, but think that both sides of the question are attended with difficulties, which,

which, in the present state of chemical knowledge, it is impossible entirely to resolve. This however is a very able disquisition, and merits the attention of those who are desirous of knowing the arguments relating to this interesting inquiry.

V. A Method of preparing a Sulphureous Medicinal Water. By the Rev. Edward Kenney.

VI. On the Solution of Lead by Lime. By Robert Percival. M. D. M. R. I. A.—From the experiments related in this paper, it appears that lime acts imperfectly, perhaps not at all, upon lead, without the assistance of air to calcine the metal; but that, even when the air was excluded, lime was found to possess a considerable power in dissolving the *calces* of lead.

VII. On a new Kind of portable Barometer for measuring Heights. By the Rev. James Archibald Hamilton, D. D. M. R. I. A.—This barometer is more easily conveyed from place to place than those hitherto employed for measuring heights; and the author assures us that it answers equally well.

VIII. A Letter to the Author of the preceding Paper, with Remarks and Hints for the further Improvement of Barometers. By H. Hamilton, Dean of Armagh. This paper contains some pertinent observations on the structure of barometers in general, and upon that of the author of the preceding paper in particular.

IX. What are the Manures most advantageously applicable to the various Sorts of Soils, and what are the Causes of their beneficial Effect in each particular Instance? By Richard Kirwan, Esq.—Of this able and useful communication, which has lately been published separately, we have already given an account, in our last month's Review, p. 166.

X. On the Nature and Limits of Certainty and Probability. By the Rev. George Miller, F. T. C. D. and M. I. R. A.

Mr. Miller notices the opinions of Hume, of Priestley, and of Gregory, on the subject of free-will and necessity. He makes it appear that these two latter authors have not met exactly on the same ground. Dr. Gregory supposes that when a number of motives are present to the mind, each should, if the doctrine of necessity were true, have its determined effect. Dr. Priestley, on the contrary, does not consider each distinct motive as connected with its correspondent action, but regards all the considerations present to the mind as forming *one motive*. It appears to us, that, supposing the mind to have no deliberative faculty, the supposition of Dr. Gregory, that each consideration ought to be immediately followed by a corresponding action, must be admitted as true; but that the mind has such a faculty, from whatever cause it may proceed, there can be no doubt. Most persons make it
a rule

a rule never to undertake any affair of importance on its being first presented to their minds; such a resolution, however, may perhaps be referred to experience alone, afterwards operating on the mind of a person who is conscious of having previously suffered by too much eagerness and celerity. When therefore he afterwards sets about any important business, one consideration which offers itself to his mind is, that he ought to allow himself sufficient time for deliberation. The deliberative power of the mind seems therefore to be as much owing to motives as any of its other operations. A child has no deliberative faculty, but acts from the impulse of the moment, except in some few cases in which it has acquired experience.

Mr. Miller observes—

‘The greatest efforts in metaphysical inquiry appear then, by the difficulties in which they are involved, to give confirmation to the opinion, that the nature of causes and their manner of operating are hid from us in impenetrable obscurity. The attempts made by Doctor Priestley and Mr. Hume to establish the doctrine of necessity, have, I imagine, been shewn to belong to that class of inconclusive reasoning which logicians denominate *petitio principii*, and Doctor Gregory’s attempt to overthrow it to belong to the class called *ignoratio elenchi*; whilst on the question of materialism Dr. Priestley and bishop Berkeley refute each other by contradictory arguments.’ P. 217.

It appears to us that Mr. Miller, in asserting that Dr. Gregory’s attempt to overthrow the doctrine of necessity belongs to the class called *ignoratio elenchi*, speaks too lightly of that gentleman’s performance. Dr. Priestley is desirous of proving that motive and action are in morals what cause and effect are in physics,—well knowing that this proposition involves the doctrine of necessity. Dr. Gregory very properly, and in our opinion successfully, combats this fundamental point; and if his arguments wear the appearance of ridicule, this is to be attributed to the absurdity of the question about which he was employed. The author proceeds to remark—

‘Between this class of inquiries and that in which we are capable of arriving at certainty lies the class of mere probability. In this middle class all the practical, and consequently all the immediately useful, knowledge of mankind is to be found. Mathematical speculations and the abstract rules of logical reasoning may boast the high privilege of absolute certainty, but they are only useful as far as they are capable of being applied to human actions; and in this application the mind of man must be content with an assurance of less strength.’ P. 217.

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The purport of this paper is to ascertain more accurately the nature and boundaries of certainty and probability. We sincerely hope that it may tend to make some metaphysicians of the present time less positive, and teach them that much reliance on metaphysical reasoning is both absurd and dangerous.

XI. Meteorological Observations made in Ireland in the Year 1793. By Richard Kirwan.—This is a continuation of the papers inserted at the commencement of this volume.

XII. Experiments on a new Earth found near Stronthian in Scotland. By Richard Kirwan.

Mr. Kirwan observes, that 'this plainly appears to be a new earth, intermediate between the barytic and common limestone.' It is of a whitish or light-green colour—it has a small degree of transparency—fracture striated—its hardness moderate, so that it may be easily scraped—specific gravity from 3,4 to 3,644. When exposed to a heat of 130° Wedgwood, in common clay crucibles, it vitrifies very readily when in contact with the crucible; but the interior part remains unchanged. At the heat of 140° it loses a little more than 20 per cent. of its weight, which is found to be fixed air. Water poured on Stronthian lime heats more violently than with the same proportion of common lime. The most remarkable property of this lime is, that it is capable of crystallising. Mr. Kirwan has made many other experiments with this new substance, which we are sorry that our limits do not permit us to detail.

XIII. Observations on Rain Gages. By Thomas Garnett, M. D. &c.

From the facts mentioned by Dr. Garnett, it appears, that rain gages ought to be square, and not round, as they are usually made: they should also have a perpendicular rim an inch or two high, fixed to the rim of the funnel. When they are constructed in this manner, much less rain is lost by being dispersed in falling against the inside of the gage, from which circumstance there has been found to have been considerable loss in windy weather. There is a table, exhibiting the quantity of rain which fell for five years in eight different places. From this it appears, that more rain generally falls in hilly than in level countries; but that the quantity which falls at the same place in some years is at least double that which falls there in others.

XIV. Observations and Inquiries made upon and concerning the Coal Works at Whitehaven, in the County of Cumberland, in 1793. By Joseph Fisher, M. D. &c.—This is the most entertaining and instructive account of the method of managing coal works, which we recollect to have met with.

XIV. On

XV. On the Fish inclosed in Stone of Monte Bolca. By the Rev. George Graydon, LL. B. M. R. I. A. and Secretary of Foreign Correspondence.

Monte Bolca lies on the border of the Veronese territory, about fifty miles W. N. W. of the Lagunes of Venice. The whole of the hill, as far as the author could observe, is composed of argillaceous matter, except the quarries in which the fish are found, which are calcareous, and lie about half a mile from its summit. The calcareous substance in which the fish are found does not form a continued stratum, but lies in detached masses. It is of a schistous structure, capable of being split into flags or laminæ of various thickness and dimensions. Every part of the mass, whether immediately surrounding fish or not, on being struck or scraped hard, emits a peculiar kind of fetid smell, which cannot easily be defined.—Towards the conclusion of the paper the author observes—

‘ I cannot omit taking some further notice of a circumstance already mentioned, which seems to hold out a subject of investigation the most striking, and to many the most interesting, that occurs, perhaps, in the whole range of natural history : I mean the great variety of fish collected in one spot, which, from the catalogues, appear to correspond with species now only to be found in seas and climates the most remote from the Italian shores. It would be superfluous to dwell on the analogy which this remarkable circumstance bears to the many discoveries that have been made, not only of shells, but of horns, teeth, bones, and other remains, and even of entire skeletons, of various land animals, partly known and partly unknown, in countries where similar living species have never been observed to exist, and often in climates now wholly unsuited to their constitutions.’ P. 309.

XVI. On the Power of Fixed Caustic Alkaline Salts to preserve the Flesh of Animals from Putrefaction. In a letter to the Rev. George Graydon, &c. from the Rev. Hugh Hamilton, D. D. &c.

The author of the preceding paper attributed the preservation of the fossil fish of Monte Bolca to the action of lime. This occasioned the present letter on the preservative property of fixed caustic alkalies. When he rubbed some flesh with alkali in a mortar, a very strong smell like that of volatile alkali arose ; and at one time, when he used a brass or metal mortar, he perceived its edges to be tinged with blue, which evinced the extrication of volatile alkali in consequence of the superior attraction of the fixed alkali for some component part of the flesh, which was probably the carbonic acid. The author observes—

‘ I have

‘ I have some flesh prepared with these salts in the year 1772; for, finding some bits made the year before had continued unaltered, I made some more, and laid it by to see how long it would keep, and what alterations it would undergo. I made it into a cake, and when quite dry I cut it into round bits about the size of half a crown, and put them into a drawer in my desk; I shewed some of them to Mr. Kirwan the summer before last, when I had the honour of receiving a visit from him at Armagh, and a few months ago I found several pieces in another drawer, where they have lain near two and twenty years, and remain unaltered; when they are broken, the pieces hang together by fibres, and look like a piece of plaster taken from a wall; the fibrous or stringy parts of the flesh do not seem to have been corroded or dissolved by the salt.’ p. 322.

There are added some beautiful engravings of fish and vegetable matters found in Monte Bolca.

XVII. Extract from a Paper on Surveying. By Thomas Meagher, near Palace-Green, in the County of Limerick.— This is on a new division of the compass for land surveying.

POLITE LITERATURE.

I. The comparative Authenticity of Tacitus and Suetonius illustrated by the question, ‘Whether Nero was the Author of the memorable Conflagration at Rome?’ By Arthur Browne? LL. D. &c.

We are assured that the inhabitants of Copenhagen entertained a suspicion that Mr. Pitt was the occasion of the late conflagration in that city. As an unpopular character is very liable to unmerited imputation, and as we wish to give the devil his due, we think it most probable that both Nero and Mr. Pitt are innocent of these atrocious charges. The author of this paper places very little reliance on Suetonius, and entirely gives the preference to the authority of Tacitus, who mentions many circumstances which render it extremely probable that the fire at Rome was accidental. It does not, however, appear possible to determine at the present time, what could not be ascertained at the period of an event, at which thousands were both spectators and sufferers.

II. An Essay on the Origin and Nature of our Idea of the Sublime. By the Rev. G. Miller.

At the commencement of this paper it is very justly observed—

‘ The various opinions which have been entertained concerning the origin and nature of our idea of the sublime afford a strong proof of the difficulty of penetrating into our own minds. We are
not

not only urged to the inquiry by that scientific curiosity which prompts us to analyze our modes of thinking, but elegance of taste conspires to engage us in a research which has for its object all that is great or elevated, and yet the origin and nature of the sublime are still subjects of controversy. According to Longinus, the sublime consists in a proud elevation of mind; according to the ingenious author of the Philosophical Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful, it consists in terror; doctor Priestley places it in an awful stillness; and lord Kaims derives it from the magnitude or elevation of visible objects, and from whatever causes an agreeable emotion resembling those which are excited by great or elevated objects of sight. Doctor Blair professes himself inclined to think that mighty force or power, whether accompanied with terror or not, whether employed in protecting or alarming us, has a better title than any thing that had yet been mentioned to be the fundamental quality of the sublime, but does not insist upon it as sufficient to found a general theory. This controversy about the principle of the sublime has naturally extended to its application, and we see the same passages applauded for this quality by some critics, and rejected as destitute of it by others. Longinus quotes as sublime the Ode of Sappho, which lord Kaims, whilst he admits it to be beautiful, excludes from the class of sublimity. The celebrated description of the creation of light, which has been produced by the great critic of antiquity as an illustrious instance of the sublime, has not had a better fate.' P. 17.

In accounting for the impression of sublimity, Mr. Miller very justly observes, that the general error has been a supposition of simplicity in the emotion. He therefore endeavours to unite the theories of the most celebrated writers on the sublime: most of these must be allowed to have a foundation in nature; but none of them are sufficiently comprehensive to apply to all objects of sublimity. There appear to him to be three classes of sublime objects,—‘external sensible objects,—those that excite the emotion which Dr. Blair has called the moral or sentimental sublime,—and superior beings.’ This paper has considerable merit, and unites philosophical accuracy with elegance of diction.

III. Essay on the following Subject, proposed by the Academy, viz. ‘On Style in writing, considered with respect to Thoughts and Sentiments as well as Words, and indicating the Writer’s peculiar and characteristic Disposition, Habits, and Powers of Mind.’ By the Rev. Robert Burrowes, D. D. F. T. C. D. and Secretary to the Royal Irish Academy.

We admit that style in writing must be in some measure an index of the intellectual character of an author, and that from the same source some information respecting his moral character

rafter may be deduced. We can by no means, however, follow the author of this paper in the full extent in which he is desirous of applying his principle. He observes (page 43), 'Different habits of thinking in like manner distinguish different authors from each other, prevent the possibility of issuing literary forgeries, or by borrowed names gaining credit with the world.' Does he then mean to assert that there are no such things as literary forgeries?—The following passage, however, among many others which might be inserted, is a happy illustration of our author's opinion—

'When a critic, not very lavish of his commendation, gives supereminent praises to particular passages, I have always, on examination, found something in them which met his prejudices, his habits, or his temper. Johnson, in his life of Congreve, says, that were he called on to point out the most beautiful passage in all English poetry, he knows not what he would select in preference to the description of the temple in the Mourning Bride. In his life of Dryden he tells us, that the description of the different modes in which the English and the Dutch are, in the *Annus Mirabilis*, recorded to have passed the night after the engagement, is one of the fairest flowers of English poetry. It is somewhat singular that these two passages express nearly the same mental affection:—horror; dread of that melancholy which results from our own thoughts under strong impressions of internal distress wrought upon by external circumstances, and eagerness to escape from their oppression or to remove them by society. "Oh! speak to me and let me hear thy voice, my own affrights me with its echoes," is the language of Almeria.

In dreams they frightful precipices tread,
Or shipwreck'd labour to some distant shore,
Or in dark churches walk among the dead,
They wake with horror, and dare sleep no more—

is the description of the sensations of the Dutch. Any one who is acquainted with the character of Dr. Johnson cannot be at a loss for the circumstance which imprinted the beauty of these passages so very strongly on his imagination.' p. 87.

ANTIQUITIES.

I. Some Considerations on a controverted Passage of Herodotus. By the Right Honourable the Earl of Charlemont, President of the Royal Irish Academy, and F. R. S.

The author gives this testimony in favour of Herodotus, that, through the whole course of his eastern travels, he ever found him a faithful guide. This disquisition chiefly relates to the antiquity of the Grecian theogony.

II. An

II. An Account of the Game of Chéfs, as played by the Chinese, in a Letter from Eyles Irwin, Esq. to the Earl of Charlemont.

This is an account of the game of chéfs, as played in China, where the author of this paper seems willing to believe that it originated. Mr. Irwin was at Canton, where he assures us that he was furnished with a manuscript, containing an extract from the *Concum*, or Chinese annals, respecting the invention of the game of chéfs, and also an explanation of the position, power, and moves of the pieces on the Chinese chéfs-board. These make a part of this communication, which must certainly be regarded as a matter of real curiosity.

We have now mentioned all the articles contained in this volume of *Transactions*. In perusing them we have met with considerable entertainment, and some information. If fewer important discoveries are announced than in some former volumes, it is to be attributed to the afflicted state of Europe, which naturally calls off the mind from philosophical investigation, and fixes it on more necessary but less pleasing considerations.

Observations on Pope. By Gilbert Wakefield, B. A. 8vo. 7s. Boards. Kearsley. 1796.

IN his Preface, Mr. Wakefield informs us, that he had entertained an expectation of editing the works of Pope, but a previous agreement between Mr. Cadell and Dr. Warton prevented his design. The ingenious and learned author then proceeds to illustrate the merits of Pope, in various points of view, with an enthusiasm proverbially attached to commentators. We confess that, when he puts the invention discoverable in the *Dunciad*, on a par with that of *Paradise Lost*, and on a superior footing to that of the *Æneid*, we rather wonder than applaud,—and that we rather incline to Dr. Warton's opinion, in his *Observations on Pope*, that this excellent author is more “the poet of reason” than of fancy.

The far greater part of Mr. Wakefield's *Observations* consists of parallel passages, from ancient and modern poets. This fashionable mode of commenting appears not to us to present much utility: it is indeed the easiest of all writing, as it is a mere province of memory, but is only useful where the phrase or passage is obscure, and is illustrated by the parallel. Pope's writings are clear and luminous, and seldom require such illustration. The chief province of his commentator should be, to explain temporary allusions, from contemporary books, pamphlets, and fugitive pieces, as is done

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with regard to Shakspeare. In this kind of reading Mr. Wakefield cannot be expected to be much versed. Classical erudition, and theology, do not form introductions to Pope's works. Dr. Warton, by his having enjoyed the personal acquaintance of many among the great, and the friends of Pope, may often prove a superior commentator; but we must say that an edition of Pope by some eminent student of English literature would warrant our greatest expectations.

As a fair specimen of Mr. Wakefield's Observations, we shall extract a page or two from those on the Pastorals; and then proceed to some smaller extracts and remarks.

Of the merit of these poems I can scarcely deem myself an impartial judge. The *Pastorals* of Pope were among the very first writings that engaged the notice of my infancy: and, if the reader will excuse this circumstance of egotism, I read them with facility, with perseverance, and delight; at an earlier period than any one, whom I have ever known or heard of. They have left upon my mind the fading traces of a transport inexpressible. Still disenchanting after a lapse of so many years, I feel like Agamemnon in the poet, just waking from the dream of Jove:

ΕΥΡΕΤΟ δ' ΕΞ ὙΠΝΟΣ, ΔΕΙΝ ΔΕ ΜΙΝ ΑΜΦΕΧΟΥΤ' ΟΜΦΗ:
In Fancy's eye still scenes of rapture shine;
Still vibrates on her ear the voice divine.

PASTORAL I.

Ver. 1. First in these fields I try the sylvan strains,
Nor blush to sport on Windsor's blissful plains.

Our poet seems to have consulted *Dryden's* version of the place imitated here, Virg. *Ecl.* vi. 1.

I first transferr'd to Rome Sicilian strains:

Nor blush'd the Doric Muse to dwell on Mantuan plains.

Roscommon also, a terse, judicious, unaffected, and moral writer, justly esteemed and celebrated by Pope, may be agreeably compared on this occasion:

*I first of Romans stoop'd to rural strains,
Nor blush'd to dwell among Sicilian swains.*

Ver. 5. Let vernal airs through trembling osiers play.

A beautiful passage of this kind occurs in *Paradise Regain'd*, ii. 26.

Then on the bank of Jordan, by a creek,
Where winds with reeds and osiers whisp'ring play—

Ver. 7. ————— too good for pow'r.

A passage in *Lucan*, viii. 493. is very apposite to this sentiment:

————— exeat aula,
Qui vult esse pius. Virtus et summa potestas
Non coeunt.

He, who would spotless live, from courts must go:
No union power supreme and virtue know.

Ver.

Ver. 16. And all th' aërial audience clap their wings.

Prior's Solomon.

And clapp'd their wings, recording what he said. S.

Ver. 23. Hear how the birds, on every bloomy spray,
With joyous music wake the dawning day!

Surry, in his Sonnet on Spring :

Somer is come, for every spray now springes.

Milton, Paradise Regain'd, iv. 437. in most delicate strains of the
Doric Muse :

————— the birds—

Clear'd up their choicest notes in bush and spray,

To gratulate the sweet return of morn.' P. I.

In page 35 Mr. Wakefield expresses his opinion that the termination of *oppress*, and similar verbs, should be, in the past, *opprest*,—in the participle, *oppressed*. Dr. Lowth recommends the latter mode in both: and the analogy of the language seems against Mr. Wakefield's opinion, the *ed* appearing synonymous with *did*.

Our ingenious author interlards some strokes of politics sufficiently pungent. Thus, in page 79, Juvenal's

'Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris et carcere dignum,
Si vis esse aliquis.

Dare treasons, murders! if thou wish to fit
With credit on the treasury-bench, like——'

And in page 144 we find Juvenal, xiii. 104.

'————— multi

Committunt eadem diverso crimina fato :

Ille crucem sceleris pretium tulit, hic diadema.

Ah! how unequal seem th' awards of Fate!

Worth, just the same, what different issues wait?

One patriot, exil'd, roams the savage wood;

One sways three realms, and floats the globe with blood.'

We doubt Mr. Wakefield's reading (page 136) of these lines of Gray,

'Here measur'd laws and philosophic ease

Fix, and improve the polish'd arts of peace.'

while the sense seems to require no pause after *fix*, and a comma after *improve*. We cannot discover why the swan (page 140) should be a symbol of loftiness and vigour of flight.

It is surprising that some passages of Pope, which might have excited critical acumen, are passed with a simple parallel. Thus, page 154, the lines,

T 2

'Let

' Let us, since life can little more supply,
Than just to look about us and to die'—

only afford a parallel from Denham. Did it not strike Mr. Wakefield that the context teems with absurdity, as an introduction to the next two lines? For can this poetic brevity of life permit a free expatiation over the vast scene of human existence?

Mr. Wakefield's character of Alexander of Macedon, in opposition to Pope's Satire, deserves notice—

' They, who conceive of Alexander, notwithstanding some youthful excentricities and his love of military fame, not less conspicuous in Christian heroes, as a mere brutal conqueror, form a very unjust and unauthorised estimate of his character. I would recommend all, who wish a true statement of his merits, to read the authentic histories of Arrian, and the dissertations of Plutarch upon the virtues of Alexander. The grand objects of this prince were, the discovery of the unknown regions of the globe, and the civilization of mankind by a concentration of them under the uniform government of one vast empire. His eagerness upon the former of these points is demonstrably evinced by his extreme solicitude about the success of Nearchus's naval expedition: and his adoption of the Persian dress, with which he is usually reproached as an indication of effeminacy, was merely a political compliance to conciliate the affections of his conquered subjects. His character deserves a deliberate discussion, and should not be estimated in the gross from these inadequate and cursory observations; for the proofs of my general positions are numerous and irrefragable. Alexander cannot be deemed indeed the most *accomplished warrior* of antiquity, because of Cæsar, who shares this commendation with him; but he may properly be denominated the most *philosophical conqueror* of ancient or modern times. See what Pliny has said of him in his Natural History, viii. 17. ed. Harduin. I wish some able writer could be prevailed on to give us an express dissertation on this point: it would be a valuable accession to literature, were the case impartially considered; and, from its extensive connection with collateral objects, would throw light on many important topics of history, chorographical, physical, moral, and political.' P. 163.

On the verses,

' For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong, whose life is in the right—

Mr. Wakefield thus comments, page 186.

' This couplet is formed from one in Cowley's verses on the death of Crashaw:

*His faith, perhaps, in some nice tenets might
Be wrong; his life, I'm sure, was in the right.*

The

The position is demonstrably absurd in both poets. All conduct originates in principles: where the principles, therefore, are not strictly pure and accurately true, the conduct must deviate, more or less in the same proportion, from the line of perfect rectitude. There is no axiom in geometry more indisputable: and we may hence learn the unspeakable importance of right opinion upon every subject, and more especially on the subjects of Religion and Morality. If our *Faith* be *wrong*, it is impossible that our *life* should be *right*.'

We are by no means prepared to admit this argument in its extent. Mistakes in mere matters of belief are often consistent with sound morals, and particularly with respect to the speculative doctrines of religion. We know virtuous men both among the Arminians, and among their violent opponents the Calvinists; and Mr. Wakefield, who is, we believe, a Socinian, will scarcely venture to assert, that a virtuous Trinitarian may not be as good a man as a virtuous Unitarian.

' Ver. 241. ————— then bring the jowl!

The original story is in Athenæus, viii. 5. where *Machon* the comic poet tells us, that, "when the physician came in, and told Philoxenus the writer of Dithyrambs, a great epicure, and sick from devouring an entire polypus, except the head, that he had but a few hours to live; It is well, said Philoxenus: I have arranged all my poetical concerns as I could wish; and, since Charon and Fate will have no denial, and I must depart; that I may leave nothing of value behind, bring me the jowl of the polypus!" The reader will also find the story in John *Hale's* sermon on gluttony; whose works he, who has not read, should read without delay. In the proverbial Centuries of Diogenian, iii. 12. is the following passage: "The Athenian, when he is dying, holds out his hand." This, says the Greek interpreter, is levelled at the avarice of the Athenians, who were very greedy of gain.' p. 205.

On the second of Pope's Epistles, verse 115, we have the following illustration—

' Observe the wording of the first note.—The writer of it evidently knew the character of Atossa at least was real, but he wished the generality of readers to be misled. So in *Pope's* note on ver. 7. besides the bad or confused English, the *names* of women not the *characters* are said to be fictitious, but the sentence is intentionally confused. I believe indeed the character of Atossa was not in the first editions, but *Warburton* should have altered the notes when he inserted the character. The tradition in the Spencer family is that *Pope* read himself the character of Atossa to the Duchess of Marlborough, and told her it was intended for the Duchess of Buckingham: that she discovered it, and he received money to suppress the

character which was inserted by *Warburton* : of this story, so little creditable to the moral character of the poet and his editor, I beg not to be considered as the author, but I heard it from a person in confidence with the family : and it would be worth while to authenticate or refute it by applying to the present Earl. B.

"I have been informed, that some coolness had arisen between Mr. *Pope* and Lord *Chesterfield*, on account of the Duchess of *Marlborough*, whose character, under the name of *Atossa*, the poet was in vain solicited to suppress." *Maty's Memoirs*, sect. iv. p. 208.

The notes marked B, are by Dr. Bennet, bishop of Cloyne.

In page 225, Mr. Wakefield, hypercritically in our opinion, blames Gray's epithet *silver-winding*, applied to the Thames. Not to mention that the genius of lyric poetry would excuse a *verbum ardens*, beyond all rule, this epithet is far from anomalous : the plain sense is "winding with the brightness of silver :" and compound epithets, equally remote, abound in English poetry. The Indian *muck* (page 243) is surely not from the Latin *mucro*, but from an Indian term. Consult Ogleby's *Asia*, or books of travels.

The mean line,

'So known, so honour'd, at the House of Lords.'

page 249, was ridiculed by

Perfuation tips his tongue whene'er he talks,
And he has chambers in the King's-bench walks.

Book ii. Epist. i.

'Ver. 160. Effects unhappy ! from a noble cause.

This is borrowed from *Prior's* Letter to Boileau :

A consequential ill, which Freedom draws ;
A bad effect, but from a noble cause.

And our poet's is a glorious verse indeed, and the just apology of a mind truly generous, and philosophical, for those extravagancies, resulting from a love of Liberty in great political revolutions, when the thoughts are unrestrained, and every impulse of feeling is invited to an open exhibition and a full exertion of it's energies. In this instance, as in natural operations, a vigorous fermentation seems necessary to effectual refinement ; and, when we look beyond temporary and partial infelicities to the future condition of mankind at large, we cannot but conclude, as an excellent genius has nervously delivered the sentiment, that "the *purgatory of anarchy* is preferable to the *damnation of despotism*."

Ver. 221. Let Ireland tell, how wit upheld her cause,
Her trade supported, and supply'd her laws ;
And leave on SWIFT this grateful verse ingrav'd,
"The rights a court attack'd, a poet fav'd."

This

This was the passage for which it was under consideration to accuse Pope of High-Treason.—B. P. 257.

In page 259 Mr. Wakefield would alter the line of Gray,

‘ Wide o’er the fields of Glory bear,’

to

‘ Whirl o’er the fields of Glory far,’

on account of the imperfect rhymes *ear* and *bear*; and he even adds, that if Gray had given it so, the reader would have thought it preferable. In a matter of taste it is difficult to argue: but we much doubt the accuracy of our author’s ear, otherwise he must have perceived that *whirl* is, in that line, unpronounceable.

Epilogue to the Satires,

‘ Ver. 73. O come that easy, Ciceronian style,
So Latin, yet so English all the while,
As tho’ the pride of Middleton and Bland,
All boys may read, and girls may understand.

Dr. Bland of Eton was a very bad writer, Dr. Middleton a remarkably good one; perhaps our best: but he was the friend of Pope’s enemy, Lord Hervey: *hinc illæ lachrymæ!* B.

I subscribe to this opinion. Middleton’s style, in point of dignified simplicity and a comprehensive compass of construction, which could exhibit, concentrated and unfettered, a collection of thought in one period without clumsiness, with a sonorous rotundity of numbers, and an unembarrassed perspicuity of correct and polished phraseology, comes nearest to that of Cicero of any compositions in our language. The style of our poet, considered merely as verbal composition, without respect to those illuminations of sentiment and fancy, the emanations of his fine genius, which sparkle so profusely through his pages, is truly miserable in comparison; unharmonious, ungrammatical, unchastised: and his notes on Homer in particular are puerility and poverty itself. Nor is he less unhappy in his general censure, than in the specific allegation in support of it;

All boys may read, and girls may understand.

Since the great end of writing is to be understood, that style, *cæteris paribus*, is best, which is universally accessible to every capacity: and such clearness is a proof both of perspicacity in the conception of ideas, and a complete mastery of all the capabilities of expression.

P. 273.

The line,

When Truth stands trembling on the edge of Law,

Mr. Wakefield (page 285) explains by an allusion to the edge of an instrument. We always understood the edge of a precipice.

cupice. In page 296, the note concerning Priam seems hypercritical; the lines only imply, that he witnessed the commencement of the 'last blaze' of Troy, of its conflagration.

Dunciad, Book. II.

' Ver. 283. In naked majesty Oldmixon stands,
And, Milo-like, surveys his arms and hands.

In former editions *great Dennis* occupied the place of *Oldmixon*; and the poet was not inattentive to *Dryden's* version of the original verses in Ovid :

Now sapless on the verge of death *he stands*,
Contemplating his former feet and hands ;
And, Milo-like, his slacken'd sinews sees,
And wither'd arms—.

The changes, that took place in the various editions of this poem, are a curious subject of enquiry and speculation, and plead most strongly against the rectitude of our poet's satire, who could so easily accommodate, with very similar language and attributes, very different characters. *Warburton's* versatility is not less observable and suspicious; who adapts the note at ver. 294. to a man of a monosyllable name, with trivial adjustment, from one of two syllables: the original reading having been, "Then * * try'd." p. 307.

Bacon's brazen head (page 316) we understand to have been a brazen bust, which gave oracular answers, like that in *Don Quixote*. Mr. Wakefield explains it of the very pericranium of the philosopher.

Sprent (page 319) is old English, as well as *besprent*. The correction of Drummond is therefore superfluous. For the story of James I. of England (page 327) some authority is requisite: it is improbable, not to say impossible, considering the severity of morals of the prince and the country.

Persian Miscellanies: An Essay to facilitate the Reading of Persian Manuscripts; with engraved Specimens, Philological Observations, and Notes, Critical and Historical. By William Ouseley, Esq. 4to. 1l. 1s. Boards. R. White. 1795.

THIS elegant and interesting work deserves the greatest attention of the oriental scholar.—A part of the Introduction will best explain the author's intentions—

' That ambition of fame which teaches many to consider as unworthy of attention those minuter subjects from which little reputation for genius can be expected, I had long supposed to be the cause, why, among those who have contributed to the advancement of
oriental

oriental literature, so little has been done on that introductory branch, of which the following essay principally treats.

‘ But of this neglect, I was induced to seek another cause, when the subject of the work which I had undertaken, acquired some importance, in my own opinion, from the consideration, that, without a previous knowledge of petty matters, it is almost impossible to attain a high degree of eminence in any science; that the theory of musical sounds cannot be perfectly comprehended by him who is unacquainted with the gammut, and that the greatest scholar must have undergone the drudgery of the alphabet.

‘ And encouraged by the example of so illustrious a critic as Quintilian, who thinks nothing unconnected with the art of oratory, which is necessary to the formation of an eloquent speaker, I began to regard as no inconsiderable branch of eastern literature, the study of the graphic art, as cultivated among the Persians; without a knowledge of which no man can be pronounced a perfect orientalist.

‘ And having, by these considerations, given a degree of importance to the subject I was about to undertake, I naturally became desirous to know the cause why others had so long neglected it; from the evident utility of a work, which might tend to remove the obstacles opposed to the student on his very first setting out, (and which must be overcome before the object of his pursuit can be attained) it appeared strange that no person had undertaken the task, and I lamented that it was left for one so insufficiently qualified as myself to execute.

‘ But on the commencement of the following work, I discovered the cause of this neglect, for the difficulty of arrangement, and the extreme dryness of the subject have proved such, as, more than once, have nearly forced me to abandon the design, and must have deterred from the prosecution of it, any person not possessing a considerable share of patience and perseverance.

‘ With scarce any other qualification than these, I undertook the work, and have collected in the following pages, and endeavoured to arrange in some degree of order, the scattered observations I had made during the infancy of my acquaintance with the Persian language; when, in attempting to decipher manuscripts, a considerable portion of time was necessarily consumed, which such a work as I now offer to the public, might, perhaps, have saved.’ p. v.

The following remarks on Persian poetry will please the general reader, while the work itself is only adapted to the scientific library—

‘ Of the ancient poetry of Persia, so scanty are the specimens that have descended to our days, that the industry of many, who made it the object of their research, seems to have been employed in vain; to ascertain therefore, what it may have been, must be the

the result of investigation more successful. The learned president of the Asiatic Society could discover but a few lines of the ancient Pahlavi; and the ingenious biographer of the Persian poets, could trace them little further than the time of the Arabian conquest. Yet, the climate of the country, the manners, and very nature of men, must have undergone a total change, or we must conclude, that ancient Persia could boast of its poetical productions; its modern inhabitants being a race, which may be said to lisp in numbers; among whom, the cultivation of their language is an important care, and who believe of poetry, as the ancient Greeks did of music, that it possesses a fascinating power, and thence they have stiled it, "Lawful magic."

' It will therefore be found, that there is scarce any species of composition, which the Persian poets have not cultivated with success, from the didactic or moral sentence, to the finished epic or heroic poem: through every gradation of Bacchanalian ode, elegiac, and amorous sonnet, allegories amusing or instructive, and romances founded on history, or fable: compositions breathing all the warmth of a luxuriant soil, and decorated with every adventitious grace, that the most flowery language can bestow.

' And in this respect the Persians are peculiarly fortunate, their native tongue, from the simplicity of its construction, and facility in versification, being, like the Italian among us, most happily adapted to all the purposes of poetry, particularly that of the erotic kind, which seems to be naturally the favourite of the tender and voluptuous Persian.

' A very striking similarity of sentiment and imagery may be discovered in the works of the Italian and Persian poets; I shall not here dwell on this resemblance which has been pointed out by others. The sonnets of Petrarch have been compared with those of Sâdi: nay, a general similarity of manners and customs has been remarked by one, who, an Italian by birth, was rendered capable, by a long residence in Persia, of judging with accuracy. The famous traveller, Pietro della Valle, writing from that country near two centuries ago, thus mentions his Persian friends, "Using always to me the greatest compliments, and most courteous speeches, &c. in which, and in *all other customs* (for I have remarked, and shall, perhaps some day, commit them to paper as a curiosity, drawing a parallel in infinite respects) it appears to me, that the Persians resemble very strongly, the people of Naples, &c." and this ingenious author, in many other parts of his work, takes notice of this resemblance; but I have as yet sought in vain, and, indeed, am still ignorant, whether he ever fulfilled his design of publishing the parallel mentioned in the above quotation.

' Between many passages in the Greek and Persian poets, a resemblance also has been found. We are to consider, that the climate of Greece, furnishes in many instances the same subjects for glowing and flowery description with that of Asia; and that many
of

of the Greek lyric poets were by birth Asiatics; from which circumstance, and from the similarity of subject and imagery, used in their poems, the most learned orientalist of the present age, scarcely scruples, in his Latin Commentaries, to class them among the poets of Asia: and, it shall be my object, in a future work, to demonstrate, that Homer and Anacreon, unequalled as they are, might not blush to have produced the heroic poem of Firdausi, or the lyric odes of Haféz. To deny pre-eminence to those classics, would bespeak a taste as corrupt, and a judgment equally prejudiced, as those of the grammarian, who quaintly asserts, that in comparison with a particular branch of oriental literature, "*the Graces of the Greeks and Romans are graceless.*" I shall here dismiss the subject of Persian Poetry, and return to the principal object of the following essay.' P. xix.

Major Ouseley's notes abound with curious matter. To the authors who have treated on the ruins of Persépolis, (note, page 3) may be added a scarce work, entitled "*Des Beautés de la Perse; ou la Description de ce qu'il y a de plus curieux dans ce Royaume; enrichie de la Carte du Pais, et de plusieurs Estampes, dessinées sur les Lieux. Par le Sieur A. D. D. V.*" Paris, 1673, 4to. The plates are by Israel Sylvestre, and were designed by A. Daulier Deslandes, the author: there are several of the ruins of Persépolis; and the text has singular anecdotes.

The scientific parts of the present work, as illustrating Persian MSS. are treated with great ability and skill; but as they would be unintelligible without the plates, we shall refer the learned reader to the work itself; and shall content ourselves with such extracts and remarks as may be more generally interesting.

The following elegiac sonnet, by Jami, first presents itself in this view—

' Dejected and melancholy I fly to unfrequented places:
The city without thee becomes irksome—I seek the solitude of
the desert.

Since you have forsaken this constant bosom, I have been a
stranger to all fond affections:

Though surrounded by an hundred friends, I feel myself alone.

Yet in the dreariness of the desert I feel not the affliction of soli-
tude;

Wheresoever I wander thy beloved image is the companion of my
soul.

Loaden with thy chains I seek thee on every side,
Bound with the fetters of love, a distracted wretch!

It is alike to me, whether rose-leaves were scattered, or silken car-
pets spread beneath my feet:

If

If the road lead not to thee, I should seem to walk amid sharp
thorns and rugged rocks.

I said unto my vital spirit, "Leave me!—I will exist no longer
without her I love;"

It replied, "O Jami! a while be patient; thy life is on the eve
of departure." P. 20.

The account of Sadi must not be omitted, after expressing
our regret that his *Bostan*, or Fruit-Garden, is not yet trans-
lated.

'The name of Sadi having occurred three or four times in
the course of this work, I shall here take occasion to mention,
that the birth of this celebrated poet happened at Shirauz, in
the year of our æra 1175; he was author of the *Gulistan*, or Bed
of Roses; the *Bostan*, or Fruit Garden; the *Molamaât*, or Rays of
Light, and a large collection of odes and sonnets, alphabetically ar-
ranged in a *Divân*. The first of these works has been published
with a Latin version by the learned Gentius*; in the German lan-
guage by Olearius†; and by another person in French‡. Of the
second, some partial extracts have appeared in the *Asiatic Miscel-
lany* ||. The third, is a manuscript extremely scarce, and from the
Divân, which contains above a thousand beautiful poems, very
few passages have yet found their way into print. Sadi was the au-
thor of fourteen or fifteen other works; but Mr. Le Bruyn, (see
his *Travels*) must have been misinformed, when he learned, on vi-
siting the poet's tomb in 1705, that twenty Arabic volumes were
still extant of his composition. I shall not here suppress, that there
is also attributed to Sadi, (although I hope without foundation)
a small collection of short poetical compositions inculcating
lessons of the grossest sensuality, and breathing all the licen-
tiousness of the most unchaste imagination. These in the manu-
scripts before me are inconsistently placed among the beautiful,
moral, and sentimental distichs, which follow our author's *Divân*;
and in an Arabic introduction, he declares his repentance of hav-
ing composed those indelicate verses, which, however, he excuses

* 'Rosarium Politicum, &c. Amsterdam, 1651. Folio, Persian and Latin.
(Saadi) Rosarium Politicum, cura Gentii. Amsterdam, 1655. Duodecimo.
Latin.

† 'Persianischer Kosenthal ubersetzt von A. Olearius, with plates. Schles-
wig. 1654. Folio.

‡ 'This French version, which was probably made from the Latin or Ger-
man translation before mentioned, is entitled, "Gulistan ou l'Empire des
Roses, Traité des Mœurs des Rois; composé par Mufladini Saadi, Prince des
Poetes Persiens, traduit du Persan, par M. ***. Paris. 1737. Duodecimo.

|| 'Asiatic Miscellany, No. 2, p. 235, &c. Calcutta, 1789, Quarto, where
part of the preface to, and a passage from the *Bostan* are given; of this work,
some translations into French may be found in the *Travels of the Chevalier
Chardin*.

on account of their giving a relish to the other poems, "as salt is used in the seasoning of meat:" and if one can allow any merit to such productions, it may be said of him as of Petronius, "that he wrote the most impure things in the purest language*."

'An ingenious friend, whom I shall mention in the course of this essay, when on the subject of eastern music, is in possession of a most valuable manuscript treatise on that art, which from many circumstances he conjectures to be the work of Sadi; the language is Persian, and the subject treated in a scientific and masterly manner. Of this celebrated poet, the portrait was lately to be seen in a building near Shirauz, representing him as a venerable old man, with a long silver beard and flowing robes, holding in his right hand a crooked ivory staff, and in the other a charger of incense†. He lived to the advanced age of one hundred and sixteen, and his tomb is still visited with the respect due to classic ground, at a little distance from Shirauz, his native city.' P. 56.

Nor can we pass another Persian author—

'From the Skander Nameh, one of the most celebrated romances of the East, the example above given, has been extracted. This work contains the history of Alexander the Great, written in admirable poetry by Nizami, who, to a great deal of Persian imagery and fable, has added, in this excellent poem, much curious historical matter, in some respects founded on, and in others, widely differing from, the Greek and Latin histories of the Grecian prince. Of this work, as I before mentioned, I am fortunate enough to possess several fine copies; but two particularly valuable, from a multiplicity of notes, marginal, and written between the lines in a most minute and elegant hand. Without the aid of the anonymous Persian commentators, many passages, I confess, would have still been to me extremely difficult and obscure; and it is hardly to be expected, that a mere European reader, without such assistance, could perfectly comprehend the frequent allusions of the poet to remote history, and ancient oriental mythology, or the variety of proper names that occur in almost every page, both of persons and places, and the terms used in speaking of painting, music, geography, &c. &c.

'So very slight is the mention which M. D'Herbelot has made of this celebrated poet‡, and so imperfect the list which he has

* 'Since this passage was written, I have had an opportunity of inspecting the first volume of Sadi's works (printed at Calcutta in folio, 1791: in Persian, with an English preface, &c. by J. H. Harrington, Esq.) sent as a valuable present from sir W. Jones, to the late professor Schultens, in whose library at Leyden, I was permitted to examine it: and I was sorry to find, that in the list there given of Sadi's works, the "Book of Impurities," is enumerated as authentic.'

† 'See Francklin's Tour from Bengal to Persia, in the years 1786-87, p. 97, Octavo, London, 1790.

‡ 'Bibl. Orient. Articles Nadhami and Nazami.

given of his writings in the *Bibliothèque Orientale*, that I am induced to believe it was the purpose of that excellent orientalist to speak more fully of him, as of several other Persian authors, in some distinct work. He flourished in the sixth century of the Mahometan æra*, and the following distich, from an elegy of Hafiz, (which accidentally presents itself in a beautiful manuscript copy of his *Divân*) is now, I believe, for the first time, adduced in print, as a testimony at once of our poet's excellence and antiquity:

“ Ze nez'mi Nezami keh cherkh'i kohen,
Nedared chu o heech zeeba'e sekhun.”

“ The poetry of Nezami, in the whole circle of ancient writers, has no equal for grace and elegance of language.”

“ Of his works I have seen no correct list; and although I possess three copies, apparently perfect, (and one eminently beautiful) yet I am still uncertain of the exact number of his poems; one manuscript is entitled the “Five Treasures of Nezami,” and contains so many distinct compositions: in each of the other two are comprized six; but these do not correspond with the list given in Sir W. Jones's *Persian Grammar* (141, 3d edition.)

“ In one place, already quoted, M. D'Herbelôt mentions three of this author's productions, and the same number in another place; if all the works enumerated in these lists are genuine, and also those in my manuscripts, the number of Nezami's poems would amount to nine; yet among the *desiderata* in eastern literature, the late president of the Asiatic Society has mentioned a translation in prose, of “The five Poems of Nezami †.” That which I here particularly speak of, I am induced from many circumstances to regard as an historic record of considerable authenticity; and I have not adopted this opinion merely because Nizâmi asserts, in the introduction to his work, that he had compiled it from the best and most ancient chronicles of the Hebrews, Greeks, and old Pahlavians. But he skillfully rejects from his history of Alexander, many of those vain traditions, and idle fictions, which even the great Ferdusi, the father of Persian poetry, has admitted it into his *Shah Nameh*, or “Book of Kings.” Thus having mentioned some extraordinary relations

* “ The twelfth of the Christian æra.

† “ See Sir John Shore's Discourse, delivered, May, 1794, to the Asiatic Society, at Calcutta, the presidency of which learned body he was called to on the death of Sir William Jones, whose virtues and learning are the subject of this just and eloquent eulogium.—(*European Magazine*, April 1795.) Beside the poems enumerated in the list of Nezami's works by Sir William Jones, and Herbelôt, a short and by no means interesting composition, is ascribed to him in a printed catalogue of Persian MSS. which I have lately seen; but after a close inspection, I have reason to believe that the learned and ingenious compiler of the list, has been mistaken in assigning that trifling production to the venerable author of the *Skander Nameh*.

concerning his hero, Nezami condemns them as "tales which wanted confirmation, in the vanity of, whose story there is no truth,"—*Guzaf-i-sekhun'ra durusty neboud*," and acknowledging his obligations to the historians of Greece, and to the venerable bard of Toos above mentioned, he regards as fabulous the prodigious circumstances which the former relate of the birth of Alexander, and rejects the tradition of Ferdusi, which by a strange confusion describes the Macedonian as son of Darab the Persian king; and we find accordingly, that in the dying scene of Darius, and his interview with Alexander, Nezami has suppressed the discovery that those monarchs were brothers, which in the Shah Nameh gives an air of fable to the whole narration.

'The historic poem of Nezami, therefore, must have escaped the ingenious Teixeira, who tells us that "the life and actions of Alexander are celebrated as marvellous, by the Persians, and described in many books, both in prose and rhyme, &c."—yet that, "all those writers agree in asserting that he was not the son of Philip *."

'Copies of Nezami's work must have of late considerably multiplied, or it cannot have been that valuable history of Alexander, which, we are assured by a celebrated linguist, was so scarce, even among the Persians, about three centuries ago, that Andrew Corsali, an intelligent foreigner, who travelled in the east, could never obtain a copy of it †. P. 75.

We are rather surprised that the learned author refers (page 102) to such obscure authorities concerning the rivers Sihoon and Jihoon. The works to be consulted on the subject, are The History of Timour, by De La Croix, Forster's Voyages to the North, and the last edition of Rennel's celebrated Memoir. Major Ouseley's promised attempt (page 118) to shew the affinity of the Greek and Persian languages, as derived from the Hebræo-Chaldaic, we expect with pleasure, as we shall any work from so ingenious and learned a pen.—Is not the *abu* (p. 127, note) the antelope?

The remarks on the *Peries* may amuse—

* "La vida y hechos de Ascander Zurkharnehen," (for the Arabic word *Zulkarnein*) "ô Alexandro, celebran los Persios por maravillosos, y tienen escrito dellos muchos libros en proza y en rima, llenos de excelentes conceptos y sentencias, &c."—"Todos los escritores Persios acuerdan que Ascander no fue hijo de Philipo, a quien ellos dizen Faylakus," &c. &c. See Relaciones y Viage dende la India, &c. &c. Oct. Amberes, 1619. Lib. I. cap. 22.

* 'See the "Thresor des Langues," a very curious work, by Claude Duret, (p. 498,) Yverdun, 1619, quarto, where we read in his old French, that, "André Corsali en son voyage aux Indes, assure avoir veu entre les mains des Persans susdicts, toute l'histoire du grand Alexandre en langue Persane, de laquelle, comme de chose rare il ne sceut onc en retirer une copie."

‘ Of this couplet, which begins a beautiful sonnet in the Divan of Sâdi, I shall confine my observations to one word, I mean that which I have translated *angel*, for want of a better term to express my idea of the Persian *Peri*, a being, which, as I already observed, may be styled the fairest creature of poetical imagination; but of which I have never seen, nor indeed, is it reasonable to expect any satisfactory definition.

‘ For on the subject of fictitious beings, as every person is at liberty to form what idea will most please, so we might naturally expect to find various opinions, entertained by the poets of the *Peri* species.

‘ Without destroying the general and principal characteristics of gods and goddesses, the Greek and Roman poets assign to each, properties and attributes, as best suit the immediate purpose of their poems: and we accordingly find scarce any of the classical divinities free from some degrading stain. Their celestial minds were actuated by the most irregular passions, they were vindictive, cruel, and unrelenting in their anger, and guilty of every debauchery and scandalous excess, that could disgrace even mortals.

‘ But the Persian *Peries*, however vaguely defined as to species and appearance, are uniformly described, as beneficent, beautiful, and mild; and if the elegant Marmontel, had reason to lament the decline of the Fairy system among us, surely the absence of the Persian *Peries*, is much more to be regretted; of whom, none were mischievous or malignant, like many of the Fairies, none deformed or diminutive; but all so amiable in disposition, and so lovely in aspect, as to be the direct contrast, or opposite to the *Dives*, a race of cruel, hideous, and wicked creatures of the imagination, as opposite as vice and virtue, or any qualities perfectly incompatible. Thus the poet Jamî, expresses his astonishment, that “one of those evil spirits could be an inmate with a *Peri*.”

“Keh deewy ba *Peri* hemkhâneh bashy.”

‘ Notwithstanding this excellence of their nature, the Persian *Peries* seem to be a distinct species of imaginary beings, and I know not any class of airy creatures, in which they can, with exact propriety be ranked.

‘ However they may correspond in beauty with our idea of angels, they cannot well be supposed those beings whom the Hebrews called מלאך and the Greeks ἄγγελος; since of both words, the theme is “to send,” for the *Peries* are not commissioned from above on any occasion; besides, the Persians have the term, “*Ferishteh*,” to express the distinct race of angels, or heavenly messengers.

‘ They cannot be classed among the שרפים “the rapt seraph that adores and burns;” nor among the כרובים “winged cherubs,” for they are not said to have any place in heaven. There

is

is also another species of rational creatures, whom the ancient Hebrews called Shedeeem, שֵׁדִים but with whom the Peries do not exactly correspond; they, in some respects, resembled angels, having wings, and a knowledge of future events, and were but too like the human race, in requiring substantial food, and being mortal. Nor do the Peries answer to those intelligences whom the Platonics called dæmons, from δαίμων, *sciens, wise, &c.* nor to the genii of the Romans, who watched over mortals given from their birth (*à gignendo*) into their charge; nor are they by any means those celestial virgins, whose charms are to reward the pious muselman in a future state, and whom the Arabs call "*Houri.*" Yet those gentle beings, possessing exquisite beauty, the poet Sadi knows not, "whether his mistress be an Houri of Paradise, an angel, a daughter of man, or a Peri."

"Houri nedaunem ya mulluk firzendei audim ya Peri."

'To continue this negative description of the Persian Peries, I find that they by no means accord with our Shakspeare's idea of the Fairy race. However fond they may be of perfumes, (and fragrant odours are their only nourishment), we do not read of their being employed in

"Killing cankers in the musk-rose buds."

'Nor of their being compelled

"To serve the Fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green, &c."

"They must go seek some dew-drops here and there,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear."

'I cannot discover that the Persian Peries have ever been supposed so diminutive in stature, as to "war with mere mice for their leathern wings, to pass through key-holes, or to hide in the bells of flowers." But the sublime idea which Milton entertained of a Fairy vision, corresponds rather with that which the Persian poets have conceived of the Peries:

"Their port was more than human as they stood——
——I took it for a fairy vision,
Of some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live,
And play in th' plighted clouds—I was awe-struck,
And as I pass'd, I worship'd."

'This fine passage gives me, I confess, a much clearer idea of the light, airy, yet sublimely beautiful Peries, than any other I have met with.

'The ingenious Mr. Richardson informs us, that although supposed to live very long, the Peries are not said to be exempt from the common fate of mortals; their existence probably is not to

close but with the final dissolution of this universe; for if we may believe Ariosto, "No Fairy can die as long as the sun moves round, or the heavens remain in their present state."

'Morir non puote alcun' Fata mai,
Fin che'l Sol gira o il ciel non muta stilo."

'My observations hitherto having tended principally to show what the Persian Peries are not like, I shall candidly acknowledge my inability of ascertaining what they may be said to resemble; that exquisite beauty is their most obvious characteristic, appears from the poets, who, when they wish to compliment, in the most flattering manner, an admired object, compare her to one of this aërial race. I have no doubt that the name is derived (as that of our Fairy) from the Hebrew *תָּוֵב*, beauty, elegance, &c. and I can venture to affirm that he will entertain a pretty just idea of a Persian Pery, who shall fix his eyes on the charms of a beloved and beautiful mistress.' P. 135.

From page 145 we learn that the oriental bird *bulbul*, commonly translated nightingale from approximate qualities, is yet a different species. This is an object of curiosity, for we do not remember the *bulbul* in ornithologies or collections. In his high praise of the Tooti-nameh, or Tales of a Parrot, lately translated by the Rev. Mr. Gerrans, we must dissent from our author.

Of the other works promised by major Ouseley we are impatient to see the publication; and congratulate the literary world on the accession of an author so ingenious and well-informed.

The Royal Tour, and Weymouth Amusements; a solemn and reprimanding Epistle to the Laureat.—Pitt's Flight to Wimbledon, an Ode.—An Ode to the French.—Ode to the Charity Mill in Windsor-Park.—A Hint to a Poor Democrat.—Ode to the Queen's Elephant —The Sorrows of Sunday, an Elegy.
By Peter Pindar, Esq. 4to. 3s. Sewed. Walker. 1795.

THE indefatigable Peter begins with an epistle to his brother laureat Mr. Pye, in which he exhorts him to attend his majesty down to Weymouth, and there celebrate in ode or pastoral the great actions he will see performed. Peter shrewdly justifies himself from being an enemy to royalty, for, faith he,

'Let no man say I hate our kings and queens,
Princes and drawing-rooms, and levee-scenes;

Despise

Despise the bows and curtsies, whisper'd talk !
I love the mumm'ry from my very soul :
Daily I spread its fame from pole to pole—
What glorious quarry for the Muse's hawk !

Ask if the man whose heart the chase adores,
Wishes annihilation to wild boars,
Or wolves so hungry.—“ No,” the sportsman cries—
“ Long live wild boars and wolves ! God bless their eyes !”

May kings exist—and Trifle pig with kings !
The Muse desireth not more precious things—
Such sweet mock-grandeur !—so sublimely garish !
Let's have no Washingtons : did such appear,
The Muse and I had every thing to fear—
Soon forc'd to ask a pittance of the parish.

Such want no praise—in native virtue strong :
'Tis folly, folly, feeds the poet's song.' p. vii.

Next follows the Royal Tour, in which, with his usual illiberality, he pursues the monarch to the retreats of private life, and the amusements of rural occupations ; and where he has no ridiculous anecdote to tell, he can easily supply one, or make fun with the rattling of the wheels of a post-chaise.

' He's off again—he smokes along the road !
Pursue him, Pye—pursue him with an ode :
And yet a pastoral might better please ;
That talks of sheep, and hay, and beans and peas ;
Of trees cut down, that Richmond's lawn adorn,
To gain the pittance of a peck of corn.
He reaches Weymouth—treads the esplanade—
Hark, hark, the jingling bells ! the cannonade !
Drums beat, the hurdigurdies grind the air ;
Dogs, cats, old women, all upon the stare :
All Weymouth gapes with wonder—hark ! huzzas !
The roaring welcome of a thousand jaws !
O Pye, shalt thou, Apollo's fav'rite son,
In loyalty by Peter be outdone ?
How oft I bear thy master on my back,
Without one thimblefull of cheering sack :
While thou, (not drunk, I hope) O bard divine,
Oft wett'st thy whistle with the Muse's wine.
O haste where prostrate courtiers monarchs greet,
Like cats that seek the sunshine of the street ;
Where Chesterfield the lively spaniel springs,
Runs, leaps, and makes rare merriment for kings ;

Where sharp Macmanus, and fly Jealous, tread,
 To guard from Treach'ry's blow the royal head;
 Where Nunn and Barber, silent as the mouse,
 Steal, nightly, certain goods to Glo'ster house.
 O say, shall Cæsar in rare presents thrive;
 Buy cheaper, too, than any man alive;
 Go cheaper in excursions on the water,
 And laureat Pye know nothing of the matter?
 Acts that should bid his poet's bosom flame,
 And make his spendthrift subjects blush with shame.' p. 6.

The enormity alluded to in the following lines, supposing it to be true, is a more legitimate object of indignant satire.

'My lady H——e appears! how large!
 Deep-laden, like a camel, or a barge.
 What's all beneath her petticoats?—Shawls, chintz—
 Why should the Muse, indeed, the matter mince?
 Muslins the richest, of the fertile East.
 Lo, back she moves again, to be undrest!
 At Glo'ster-lodge, upon the bed she squats,
 To drop the lumber, shawls, and broider'd brats;
 Where England's happy —— her steps pursues,
 Attends the labour, and turns *accoucheuse*.
 Hark! Cæsar and the little children talk;
 Together laugh, together too they walk:
 The mob around admire their pleasant things,
 And marle that children talk *as well* as kings.' p. 24.

In the next two odes, the poet attacks Mr. Pitt in the first, and the French in the second; the latter may, with some, show merit enough to plead his pardon for the former. The elephant presented to the queen affords him a subject for another—he is very angry that it was refused, because,

'Dear, very dear, is now all fort of meat;
 And all such luckless presents as can eat
 Have found no favour yet with K— or Q—.' p. 62.

It is probable that if the present had been *accepted*, the bard would have taken occasion to find fault, that in the present scarcity their majesties were unfeeling enough to allow a brute animal to consume what would feed twenty poor people. The last poem in this motley collection is entitled *The Sorrows of Sunday*, in imitation of the Tears of Old May-Day, which a more decent and guarded writer might have made not unworthy of attention.

'Mild was the breath of morn : the blushing sky
Receiv'd the lusty youth with golden hair,
Rejoicing in his race, to run, to fly ;
As scripture says, " a bridegroom débonnaire ;"

When, full of fears the decent Sunday rose,
And wander'd sad on Kensington's fair green :
Down in a chair she sunk with all her woes,
And touch'd, with tenderest sympathy, the scene.

" O hard Sir Richard Hill !" exclaim'd the Dame ;
" Sir William Dolben, cruel man !" quoth she ;
" And Mister Wilberforce, for shame ! for shame !
To spoil my little weekly jubilee.

Ah ! pleas'd am I the humble folk to view ;
Enjoying harmless talk, and sport, and jest ;
Amid these walks their footsteps to pursue,
To see them smiling, and so trimly drest." p. 65.

' Susan, the constant slave to mop and broom ;
And Marian, to the spit's and kettle's art ;
Ah ! shall not they desert the house's gloom,
Breathe the fresh air one moment, and look smart ?

Meet, in some rural scene, a Colin's smile ;
With love's soft stories wing the happy hour ;
Drop in his dear embraces from the style,
And share his kisses in the shady bow'r ?" p. 67.

On the whole, Peter very much wants the hint which Gil Blas gave the archbishop of Granada ; for *il commence à baisser*.

Reports of Cases argued and determined in the Court of Exchequer, from Easter Term 32 George III. to Trinity Term 33 George III. both inclusive. By Alexander Anstruther, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister at Law. 2 Vols. 8vo. 18s. Boards. Clarke. 1796.

TO the labours of those who publish accurate reports of judicial proceedings, both the profession and the public at large are considerably indebted.—Such repositories contain decisions which illustrate the law as a system,—which give it strength as the bond of civil security, and which greatly facilitate the extension of its practical utility.

The collection of Reports in these two volumes comes from the press, attended with circumstances of recommendation which cannot be better or more impartially stated than by the author himself, who observes in his Preface—

‘ That while the modern decisions of the other courts in Westminster-Hall have been regularly published, no one has taken notes in that of the Exchequer for a similar purpose ; and that, since the publications of Bunbury's Reports, during the space of more than fifty years, the determinations of that court have remained wholly unknown to the profession at large. This appears the more singular, because the multifarious nature of the business transacted there, seems peculiarly to invite the lawyer's attention, from the very general knowledge of his profession which it is calculated to convey.

‘ Such inattention to the solemn determinations of this court is the more to be lamented, because several important subjects of legal inquiry are confined either wholly or chiefly to it. When the public necessities have so much increased the burthens imposed on the subject, and extended the operations of the process of the crown, the determinations of the revenue court have become additionally interesting, and an acquaintance with them particularly important. Suits for tythes also have generally been prosecuted on the equity side of this court ; and, from long practice, are considered as being peculiarly within its jurisdiction. The magnitude of this species of property, and the singularity of its nature, require that the rules by which it is governed should be generally known.’ p. iii.

After several other preliminary observations, Mr. Anstruther hints an intention of continuing his Reports if the present specimen should be favourably received. In point of accuracy and perspicuity, Mr. Anstruther appears fully competent to the task he has undertaken ; and we make no doubt that he will meet with ample encouragement.

A Journey in the Year 1793, through Flanders, Brabant, and Germany, to Switzerland. By C. Esfe. 8vo. 6s. Boards. Debrett. 1795.

IN estimating the merit of a work, two things are to be considered,—the matter and the style ; and the latter is usually esteemed a secondary consideration to the former ; but in the book before us the style is so very peculiar, and so unlike any thing we have ever seen before, that it is impossible to peruse a single page without being struck with it. It is a style calculated, as Bays says, to elevate and surprise ; but not, we must confess, to give pleasure. Aiming at wit, the author runs into affectation,—aiming at force, he becomes obscure,—and the indulgence of a vein of singularity renders him uncouth. Several of his sentences are so perplexed, that we acknowledge ourselves unable to decipher the meaning. Of this the following are instances :—

‘ Had

‘Had discretion been imperfonified, and with an estimate of character, according to the rule of Horace, what words could poffibly be equal to its deferts?—what words, but thofe which came from him, like a colliquative diarrhea,—when he tried to make, a teft of action, from the prince’s raife!’ p. 165.

‘How will our firft printers answer for fuch cruel inculcation of ill, fuch a wreck of confequences from nature and art?’—‘A ground they may make to yield its proper produce, fome pabulum and prophylactics of life.’—‘The gratifying capability of sympathy.’—‘Stags, boars, and lions are represented drawing a draft-carriage, ideally tenable, at leaft from what all muft know, the undisputed wonders of the yoke.’—‘Minute fidelity, and fuperserviceable detail.’ Thefe quaintneffes, and many more that might be collected, are the more to be regretted, as Mr. Este’s tour, though on very beaten ground, is interefting from the great minutenefs of local information,—from the glow of liberal though exaggerated fentiment,—and from its route through the countries which have been the feat of the prefent deftructive war. He carries his reader through Flanders and Brabant to Liege, Aix-la-Chapelle, Cologne, and thence follows the courfe of the Rhine and Maine to Mentz, Francfort, Worms, and Manheim; and thence describes the two different roads into Switzerland,—for no part of Switzerland itfelf is described, though the title might lead one to think it was.

As we look upon it that we in England have not very clear ideas of the defolations of war, we fhall quote the author’s defcription of fome of the fcenes which he paffed through—

‘The Maine.—At the firft village we faw, where the magnificence of the houfe would not let us reft on the outside, we were doomed to find nothing but varied wretchednefs within!

‘The mafter of the houfe, M. Volungarro, had not long fince died. And his widow feemed to have had enough to kill her too! For fhe had been moft inhumanly bandied about, with all the aggravations of cruelty and fport.—Her houfe had been pillaged, alternately, by the ruffians on all fides.

‘The family of M. Volungarro were of prime note in the trade of Francfort.—And this mafs of building, is far more vaft and fliewy, than any thing we have among our merchants in London. The façade, with the wings, was above 500 feet, as we meafured each part by our fteps. It had ferved at once the three purpofes of a villa, a manufacture, and a tobacco warehouse. When we were there, all was gone! It was forced to be an hofpital for the Pruffians! Above two thoufand of them were in it! They were wounded, and drooping more grievoufly than even the reft of their miferable remains at Francfort.’ p. 260.

‘The river, though it continues without any artificial objects which are remarkable, has many natural charms; and fometimes

there are such swelling hills, woods so flourishing upon the steeps, and so many dwellings among them, with such bold, mountainous, lines in the back ground, that the country brings to mind some of the scenes the most enchanting, upon the borders of the river Saone. And for a mile or two, before the two rivers join, the Maine uniting with the Rhine, used to be by the force of cultivation superlative in all its charms! trees, gardens, vineyards, villages and villas, while the points and pinnacles of Mayence closed the scene with the objects and ideas of science and commerce, of neighbourhood, order, and bliss—multiplying and progressive from man to man, from the individual to the community, from Mayence to the full country! through all the region anterior to it.

Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace,
His country next, and then all human race—
Wide and more wide the o'erflowings of his mind,
Take every creature in, of every kind—
Earth smiles around, in boundless bounty blest,
And heaven beholds his image in his breast!

‘ Such used to be the honest splendor, the virtuous gaiety of this delightful scene.

‘ But they were all no more!

‘ All had fled, and yielded up the field to rapine, havoc, and dismay, the foe of mankind, and the dæmon of despair!

* Gravesque

Principum amicitias! et arma!
Bellique causas! et vitia! et modos—
Nondum expiatis uncta cruoribus!

‘ At one contiguous village, Costeim, before flourishing with all things ordained to make nature gay, the retirements of virtue and the dwellings of health, every thing was one unrelieved mass of cureless desolation! Every bit of building, with the exception of but two small ruins, was razed to the ground!

‘ One of those exceptions was the altar end of the church—as to the other, was a petty band-box of a dwelling! Of these little walls, five-eighths were remaining; with two casements of a cottage, and in one of the two windows a toilet stood, seemingly untouched! A Venice glass, says Sir William Temple, may last as long as an earthen pitcher.

‘ At another district, Hockheim, so renowned for the excellent wine, hence called Old Hock, the whole vineyard was laid waste! By that assassin, fortification, the spawn of quackery and fear, the whole glory of it was cut up! into the hideous forms of angles, traverses, ditches, and projections. The trees were felled, for abatis and pallisadoes, for fascines and for fuel!—The only wood to be seen! La Favorite, the palace of the prince, was burnt, and li-

* The author, in his *Errata*, forgot to notice the transposition of these lines. R. terally

terally not one stone left upon another! all carted off towards the same sort of hellish sacrifice! to make fronts to bastions, and pillars and roses to arches, sally ports to covered ways! In Cassel, in the faubourg to the southward, and in the little town of Weissenau, scarcely any house had escaped! All were more or less demolished! and the higher points of the town, the citadel to the churches, shewed, as we approached, much of the devastation by the flames!

‘ The spectacle was shocking!—

‘ It excited all the varieties of horror, indignation, and scorn!

‘ There were above two hundred people on the water, approaching Mentz, from all the country around. We were obliged to pass among them, and we heard them all. It was astonishing to find, with what unanimity they spoke, with what force, on what they deemed the cause of the enormities raging through Europe. To our great surprise, no one there referred them primarily to the French!

‘ Upon entering the town, the crowds, in each street, from distress and from curiosity, were so great, that it was difficult to pass. Yet, there was something much more extraordinary in the general demeanor of the crowd! they moved slow! they looked pensive! they were silent! as if overpowered at the dismal calamities before them, and so suspended from all customary action!—“ Since Dresden in the last German war,” said a thoughtful observer, who had much experience and more feeling, “ Since Dresden, I never saw any thing so dreadful!”

‘ With a guide given us at the inn, we went over the whole town. The first impression from the mischief was its multiplicity. All parts of the town had suffered; every street, and almost every house, the marks of the cannon shot, distinctly round in the different dwelling-houses which they had pierced we tried to count; but we soon desisted; they were so numerous!

‘ In some districts the whole neighbourhood had been demolished. The whole commercial establishment, and all wreck of substance gone! And the lost owners, no where to be found!

‘ One gentleman to whom we had letters remained—But remained only, as it should seem to a sad destiny of a hard struggle with disaster! his house and all its property had been burnt, by a German bomb! And, after long search we found him fled for refuge to the steady courtesies of an humble friend. He received us, very manfully, and forcing his eye-lid to press down the tears, which as he looked over our letters had begun to gush—he apologized, and told the sad reason why he could no longer show to strangers the hospitality which had been his custom—which he had ever wished! “ But,” added he, “ you may finally depend upon having no inconvenience for the night,” (for we had told him the inns were

were full) "And the worst, if you fail of every other lodging, you shall have mine!"

"O no, sir, said a fine boy with proper fit eagerness of self-denial at such a sacrifice.—"we can sleep any where!"

"Can you so, young gentleman," replied the venerable merchant, "I wish I could! But you must let it be as I say. It matters not where a man may pass the night, who is no longer apt, God knows, to pass it in sleep." p. 261.

A similar picture occurs in the country about Liege—

"From Louvaine to Liege.—For thus, alas! the road had it through St. Tron and Tirlemont from Louvaine to Liege! Had all the amateurs of war been present, there was enough of the sublime, &c. to have satisfied the most sanguine of them all!

"It was now many a mournful month since the dire mischiefs had been first bewailed! And yet through many a long mile, there was the cry of havoc still! Heaving forth from every object around.

"Through a main track, almost every house was pierced through and through. In each poor clay wall, there remained the hideous stigma of every cannon shot! Of many houses, battered and burnt, there was not left one stone upon another! Of the few straggling trees, that continued on the way side undestroyed, not one escaped, unstained, from the abomination of spilled blood! The bones of horses and of men were scattered over every field! the fragments countless, as when one heweth wood upon the earth! entire skeletons were yet to be seen—not yet dry, nor denuded quite!

"Every face was in sadness—every heart seemed faint! The father bereaved of his children—the widow and the orphan, through astounding sorrow torpid, in silent supplication for bread!

"Calamity and death, at any time, in any form, cannot but be full of awe! Yet human violence, more fell than accident, seems to make disaster doubly dreadful!

"One poor fellow, a farmer, of the best life and conversation, fell in his own house in the last solemn duty of the day. A cannon ball rushed into the room—and killed him! his wife and children also at their devotion, kneeling all around. An excellent young man, but the day before a bridegroom, was another victim! He was coming forth from his chamber, when a random shot struck him. He dropped down dead!—and his bride, young and beautiful, her swelling heart literally burst!—she shrieked out, "O God!" and never spoke more! A brave boy, not fourteen years old, was in the field—a dæmon, in the shape of a hussar, furiously assailed him—and roared out, in broken French, "Grace? Grace?"—Questionably thus—

"The

‘ The poor boy, either did not know what was meant, or disdained if he did. He replied, “ Et pourquoi, Grace ? ” when instantly the ruffian let fall his sabre, and the boy, from his head, down, was cleft in twain ! It was in another such scene of horrors, conjured up and perpetrated from the storehouse of all ill, that our gallant countryman, Colonel Eld, had a picture, which he wore hanging about his neck, driven into his heart ! It was a miniature of a lady he had left in England—who had his plighted faith !

‘ Horrors like these, too hideous to be born, were most rife and raging about St. Tron and Tirlemont, in the following villages, Driesche, Visscot, Tirhaegen, and Roere—about Overwinden, and between Neerwinden and Landel.

‘ There, it seems, after the best information, scarcely possible to doubt, that the army of the French republic was finally sold ! For M. Dumourier made the attack at Neerwinden, suo ex motu, altogether—without the customary forms of deliberation and council. There was not even any formal reconnoitering of the enemies position ! Though the enemy were posted with manifest advantage of the ground ! Though their force, 52,000 effective, far exceeded the force of the French. Though they were fortified with artillery more exceeding still !

‘ The engagement, the first day, lasted but three hours, viz. from three to six o’clock, and in that short lapse of time above three thousand men were murdered !

‘ If traditions are all true, the dismay and disasters of former wars, do not fade away, on comparison with these three days of horror between Liege and Louvaine ! This was the very ground, chiefly between Neerwinden and Landen, where a century before (July 1694), there was another dire consummation of the inspired poet’s worst imagined curse, “ the people being sold for nought ”—when the Marechal Luxembourg bought, with such prodigal guilt in blood, the barren honours of the field.

‘ We were shewn the place, by a divine old man. He was a substantial land-holder—venerable in hoary-headed strength ! but more, from the strong wisdom of age !—with all his ideas and wishes justly bent upon good will and peace.

“ There,” said he, still sighing heavily from his inmost heart, “ there is the fatal spot—there—there—now, near a hundred years are past, since the earth was thus blasted by the despots of that time ! Then, thirteen of my kindred, I have been made to know—thirteen were doomed in one day to die ! God help their endangered souls ! I hope they had no misdeeds, as to the death of others ! ”

‘ The excellent old man broke from us in silence, and in tears ! We found, after enquiry, he had a fresh grief too—but that, why we know not, he was too proud or too sore to tell. We looked after him as long as we could, with strong emotion ! emotion yet soothing

soothing too! for it was sympathy additionally ennobled by every preference, rational and good, by pity and by esteem! P. 106.

In this relation, as well as in many other passages, one may discern traces of an imitation of Sterne,—an author, who, however touching in himself, and that only in his best self, was never agreeable at second hand. As a patriot among the petty despots of Germany must be considered as a *rara avis in terris*, one cannot but be pleasingly interested in the account of the prince of Neuweid.

‘ Neuweid. — The pretty white stone town, in the midst of poplars, on the opposite bank of the Rhine.

‘ This prince is, very happily for his fellow citizens, his neighbours and friends, one of the few gentlemen of that order, who seem to understand themselves and their condition—that they, like every body else, are ordained to live under the universal and equal laws of responsibility.—That with so much privilege and enjoyment, there should be so much duty and merit.—That pre-eminent rank ought to arise proportionably with pre-eminent use!

‘ Accordingly his life, embodying these ideas, has been adorned unceasingly with a series of exertions, manifestly tending to the public good!—None of the German trade in war—no shuffling into corrupt influence—no pilfering of a private treasure!—All was the policy of virtue, pure, disinterested, humane!—He began with the moral glory of self government, to shew that he was fit to govern others. He discharged the debts of his predecessors, though their superstitious sacrifices, wasting their lands, had diminished his means of doing it.—He reformed and retrenched in every department. Religious toleration was unbounded. The game laws and all other feudal oppressions he abolished. There are no longer any droits d’Aubaine, no arbitrary fines, no impositions upon property, whether bequeathed or sold—no taxes upon ingenuity and labour—no personal constraint.

‘ The place is free to all; and every tradesman or artificer, who has any thing to do, may do as he pleases. Each new comer has at once the rights of citizenship—and nothing to pay for them, but, after four or five years, like the other citizens, a contribution of two half crowns.—And even that, he do not pay if he builds—if he builds with stone he has fifty years exemption—if in wood, he has ten years. The ground, for a house, is given by the prince to every settler, without any quit-rent whatever!

‘ These and other privileges were ratified by a public guarantee, in a placard written, signed and published by the prince himself; dated March 12, 1762. And from that time to this, they have never been known to fail. With the most liberal construction, with the most beneficent observance, every iota of each declaration has been fulfilled to all!

‘ The

' The sequel of the story gratifies as much as the beginning. These virtuous plans, in each part, have been executed with success, equal to their merit. The town and territory, already vaunt a new aspect, one of the best upon the Rhine! The population is doubled! and ingenious arts and economic industry, and manufactures referring with the best, because the most necessary applications to life, all have encreased ten-fold! Iron works, cotton weaving, paper making, printing, watches, cabinet making, flourish daily, more and more!—The iron made there, has already made a great impression on the market of Holland—The forges and founderies, already give plenty, to above a thousand men, and cheap as life is and all that keeps it well together, in Germany, there are several men who are carriers about the works, earning with only a single horse, above 30 crowns a month!—The steel trade, also looks to be very thriving.

' The cotton manufacture is already important; and not a month passes without its being more so. This was the first establishment of cotton work in Germany. It is not much above 20 years old, and yet, there are now near 3000 men at work, and their circulation at a fair, has been forty or fifty thousand florins. Their chief articles are nankeens, handkerchiefs, and figured goods, either for furniture or drefs. Like the Swifs, their colours are very shewy; they dye well.

' Their paper trade, includes furniture paper.—And their designs and colours are of the best school, Reveillons at Paris.

' In education too, as well as watch-making, they seem resolved to follow the Genevese and the Swifs.—And there is a plan of study, in an establishment said to be very thriving, for the living languages, as well as the dead—for mathematical learning and mechanics.

' Their printing, like the trade in Flanders and Holland, goes to other books rather than German—Chiefly French literature and the most popular Latin classics.—And there are already two Journals, one in French, and one in German, printed at Nieuweid.—For it is not found necessary to have any impositions on the press there. In public conduct, as well as private life, what is wise and virtuous, cannot have any thing to fear!

' The prince in the mean while, has advanced in the advancing welfare of all around him. And without the smallest scandal, like begging or extorting a single rix-dollar from his people, but merely from his own money funds, he has built two new palaces, from which the eye of morality, as well-landscape, may revel with fair satisfaction, over the ruins of the old.—The castle of Frederickstein upon a rock, is another fine object to him.

' But his best objects, though he has an horizon of thirty leagues, are those which have been raised by himself. Each substantive good work, for the prosperity of the common weal, to soothe the lot,

lot, and to satisfy the necessities of our common nature.—To aid the advances of civilization—and on his appointed ground, to leave life better than he found it.

‘ Such is the praise of the prince of Neuwied. The rare and enviable praise. He began life with the treaty of Vienna, and he ends as gloriously as he began it. He was employed, in making peace, once—but in making war, never.

‘ And yet, as times go, he might have pleaded poverty in apology for any affection he might have had to the obvious profits of war—for there are but seven and twenty villages, and three towns, in the whole of his little territory—and his revenues at the first, were not much more than an hundred thousand florins.’ p. 227.

Our pleasure in this picture must however vanish, when we recollect that, since the author’s relation, Neuwied has also suffered in the wide-spreading desolation, with its industrious Moravian establishment, which we wonder Mr. Este mentions not. At the end of the volume is given a specimen of a proposed translation of Spalanzani’s Tour to Vesuvius, &c. If Mr. Este means to appear again in print, we advise him to write in a style which may be read.

Historical Anecdotes of Heraldry and Chivalry, tending to shew the Origin of many English and Foreign Coats of Arms, Circumstances and Customs. 4to. 18s. Boards. Robinsons. 1795.

THIS work, as appears from the Preface, is written by a lady,—a circumstance which disarms any severity of criticism. The chief defect is the want of arrangement, and of accurate science; but the compilation may instruct and amuse the general reader.

‘ Heraldry, by many, has been regarded as a dry and unenterprising study: in this light, however, it can never be viewed, unless by those who are superficially acquainted with it; for, on the least enquiry into its origin and intent, it will be found not only a noble and pleasing amusement, but inferior to few which have been hitherto considered as delightful and instructive. The instances it produces of heroic achievements and good actions, are of themselves sufficient to make it the object of our attention, as well as to render us emulous of its examples. Every where may be seen the most interesting pictures of those worthy feats which distinguished our ancestors; one shield will rehearse to us in a more forcible and authentic manner, the times of old, than a whole volume of ancient legend. During the reign of superstition and ignorance in the Gothic ages, truth was enveloped in a cloud of fabulous incidents;

dents; authors only related such circumstances as were most agreeable to the views of their party, or flattered the pride and policy of their patrons. It is chiefly from the legends of the ecclesiastics that our histories are drawn; and we cannot surely expect much plain truth from the pens of a set of men, whose thoughts were continually occupied in the production of false miracles. Dwelling amidst the obscurity of a convent, and in the bosom of retirement, their minds became absorbed in gloom; a state in which persons become susceptible of fanatical impressions, and will give credit to any tale that can excite astonishment. Hence they had leisure to fill their writings with those fictions, which superstition and solitude helped to create; and from this source flowed those bulky collections of improbability with which the world has abounded: whilst a shield in the most concise manner testifies to us the approbation of the sovereign or lord under whom its bearer fought, and is painted in the truest colours, with the history of the deed it was intended to record.

“ In brightest glory see the fields appear,
To freedom sacred, and to glory dear.”

‘ Many were above bearing the achievements of their families, and were, therefore, on the scene of action, granted by those in whom the power was vested, the privilege of assuming to themselves some charge in memorial of those feats which they had seen them achieve; and thus is handed down to posterity a noble record of the past.’ P. I.

No branch of science teems with such visionary legends as heraldry,—the chosen land of vanity and chimeras. Our authorefs gravely repeats the following tales—

‘ Some very old heralds have imagined, that the standards of the Israelites were heraldic, and that our ideas of heraldry came from an origin as antient; but these standards could never properly be deemed heraldic, because they were all taken from the prophetic benedictions of Jacob, who gave them no rules, colours, or any thing else pertaining to this art: to commemorate his words it was that they carried them, and put them chiefly in such colours as Nature and Fancy dictated; nevertheless, these symbols were hereditary, and carried down from one generation to another, without any alteration. Yet, if we could believe some of the old heralds, we should be led to imagine the Israelites had some idea of what we may really call *heraldry*; some of them blason Joshua’s shield, party per bend, or, and gules; to David they give the arms of Ireland, azure a harp, or, and gules; and to Judas Maccabæus, or, two ravens in pale proper. Others say, a grandson of Noah first invented armorial ensigns, and heraldical devices; and that he assumed for his own, Jupiter, a sceptre royal, in pale, ensigned at the top with an eye sol. Yet this was not the device of a knight
or

or commander, but an hieroglyphic of the Egyptians, by which (letters being unknown) they expressed their ideas of the sovereignty of the Almighty, and the all-seeing power of the Most High. It would not be to be wondered at, if these old heralds had given all the hieroglyphics of the Egyptians as the devices of heraldry;—one, indeed, did attempt to prove they were so; but we know these symbolical figures, conveyed *very different ideas*, than that of their pointing out any particular leader or chief. The *thrice great* law-giver of the Egyptians would have smiled, could he have foreseen what construction was to have been put upon his ideas by the heralds of these ages.

‘The arms of the dutchy of Mecklenburg are of very antient extraction; and still remain as when first assumed, with some trifling alterations.

‘Antyrius, who was educated under the care of an Amazon, near the lakes Mocoleds, in Scythia, having practised the art of war under Alexander the Great, put himself at the head of the Heruli, and assumed the title of king. Quitting the possessions in Scythia, which had descended to him from his ancestors, and having under his command a body of warlike people, he embarked with them on board his fleet, the principal vessel of which having depicted on her stern the head of an ox. As they arrived at Mecklenburg, from whence they drove the Angli, and another set of people, it has ever since retained the ox as the arms of that dutchy: but the horns, which were borne white, until the time of the emperor Charles IV. were by him ordered to be done gold; and at the same time, a coronet of gold to be added to it, in token of their descent from so illustrious and antient a race of kings. From this Antyrius descended the house of Mecklenburg.’ p. 16.

These absurdities are exceeded by the Milesian arms of Ireland, page 58.

In p. 70, the cry of the crusaders, “*Dieu le veut*,” is awkwardly translated,—“It is with the will of God.”—Why not “God wills it?”

The military edict of Richard I. (p. 82) is in Rymer’s *Fœdera*, and is illustrated by Mr. Grose in his *History of the English army*,—a work, which, though eminently defective in arrangement, might have presented many anecdotes more interesting to an English reader than those here given from foreign authors.

Otho, first *viscount* of Milan, (p. 104) is Otho *Visconti*, archbishop of Milan.—In p. 121, the note is full of errors. Bezants were coined at Byzantium, or Constantinople, by the *eastern* emperors: the gold bezant, which alone is known in heraldry, was worth about 15 shillings.

In giving an account of the Knights Templars, our authorefs presents the following reflections—

‘I know

‘ I know not whether the following accounts of them, as extracted from the authors of the times, will prove either interesting or acceptable to my readers; but I hope they will not feel displeased at the tribute of defence I render to an order, whose grand design was to protect our faith (of the past time) from the insults of barbarians, and shield our ancestors from the rage of infidelity. Various societies have been formed amongst mankind, by various people, and from various designs. A similarity of sentiment, an association of ideas, a peculiar turn of thought, has frequently conducted to an association of those beings who discovered it in each other. Many from friendship and the love of sociality, have united in a fraternity: again, from penitential reasons and religious motives, have men in departed, and even the present, age, formed singular societies; whilst others, from a far nobler and more extended motive, became as one. Superior to selfish or partial inducements, animated by courage, and warmed by liberality, have they united in one band to serve their country and defend their people. Surely no association, formed on these principles, could be justly denominated obnoxious to mankind, or come under the title of scandalous or base. Indeed, frequent instances occur in the history of states, where the last species of fraternity has proved a check to external depredators, and internal tyrants. In despotic governments, had not these defences of the people, by their resolute manners, proved a restraint upon the administrative sovereigns, freedom would have been even more trampled on than it has been, and law and justice buried in the ruin. Into every society some individuals deserving of censure have intruded. Misapprehension of their institutes, and ignorance of their primary motives, have drawn busy triflers to associate therein; who, meeting nothing congenial to their folly, or nutritive to their malice, have abandoned their brethren; and for interest, betrayed, in part, secrets they never understood, and made accusations the entire result of falsehood and malignity. Even into some assemblies *spies* have intruded, who conscious of seeing nothing worth repeating to their employers, have been obliged to invent circumstances to feed their ears, or swear to inventions false and iniquitous as the savages that formed them. Now misrepresenting, now distorting speeches, now mutilating sentences, and forcing in words, unthought of, unmeant, and totally foreign to the ideas of the unsuspecting brothers. Hence have trials succeeded, innocence been condemned, lives been sacrificed, and families ruined, to glut the malice, or satisfy the revenge of the diabolical instigators. The ensuing instance justifies my pen, for by such contrivances and by such mistakes, fell the Templars. A despotic monarch, a corrupted court, worked their overthrow; and the faults of the government were imputed to the order. With what bitter regret, if sensible of human passions, must the spirit of Philip look back on his acts of mortality, and re-

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view a long catalogue of craft, avarice, falsehood, and cruelty. How mournful is the reflection, when we consider how many monarchs have perverted the ends, and overthrown the designs for which they were sent us. Designed to be the guardians of the laws, protectors of their country, and fathers of their people—intended to diffuse happiness, and increase the welfare of their subject family,—they have acted in opposition to duty, morality, and humanity itself. If into societies “*some false brethren have crept unawares,*” some persons intruded worthy of censure, and have spread an evil report, should the whole society be obnoxious to scandal? The fault of an individual *can* reflect no dishonour on the community in general. Be it hoped no breast shall be found so ungenerous as to harbour an ill opinion of any, or a whole fraternity, whose fundamental rules were not in opposition to morality, reason, or religion, because some of the members have rendered themselves ridiculous or detestable, by their own folly or misapprehension. To the unfortunate *Templars* I have been and am now alluding.—The *Maltefe* have been a happier order, *they* need no advocate to plead *their* cause. It was the *Templars* who were persecuted, and would to heaven I were inspired with the skill, the eloquence of an *Erskine*, to remove some of that weight of obloquy which sinks them now into contempt and detestation; would I could draw from the bosom of my readers, one sigh of commiseration, one, “*alas, my brother!*” It is true, they no longer exist, and that our present opinions of their former merit, can never influence their future state;—still other departed beings have found defenders;—a Mary Stuart,—a Richard,—and a Becket; and shall we give to them what we deny to these? The generous *Templars* confined not their benevolence within the narrow limits of family or national connection. Christianity and misfortune were the only cements which attached them to any;—they regarded themselves as the friends and brethren of every Christian;—but these unfortunate men, whose society was formed on a plan of universal benevolence, who were the friends of the people, were lost for the want of benevolence in others. For a brother Christian would they spill their blood—By their brother Christians was it spilt! and the very men they would have died to succour, doomed them to destruction. Their sun arose in glory;—when it arrived at its meridian, it spread its rays to the illumination of all Europe; yet how soon it sunk;—how soon was it obscured in the *blackness of darkness!* but its setting was not seen,—in the highest of its splendour a cloud overcast it, and sinking behind that cloud, it was lost in a moment for ever and for ever.’ P. 129.

We shall close with one other extract—

‘The most singular combat, by which arms were ever gained, was one which happened in the family of Hotot. The family of
Dudley,

Dudley, a bart. of Clapton in Northamptonshire, bears for arms, azure a chevron or, between three lions heads erased argent; and for crest, on a ducal crown or, a woman's head with a helmet thereon, her hair dishevelled, and her throat-latch loose, all proper. The occasion of this family's bearing this is mentioned in a manuscript, written in the year 1390, by a monk, who was parson of Clapton, to be this: that the father of Agnes Hotot, (who was afterwards married to Dudley) having a dispute with one Ringsdale, about the title to a piece of land, they agreed to meet on the disputed ground, and decide it by combat. Hotot, on the day appointed was laid up with the gout, but his daughter Agnes, rather than he should lose the land, or suffer in his honor, armed herself cap-a-pee, and mounted her father's steed, went and met Ringsdale, whom after a stubborn fight she dismounted; and when he was on the ground, she loosened her throat-latch, lifted up her helmet, and let down her hair about her shoulders, and discovered herself to be a woman. In memory of which heroic action her descendants have always used the above crest, and for a motto, *Galea spes salutis*. The manor of Clapton came in by Agnes. The family is originally descended from the Paganells, who soon after the conquest, were created barons of Dudley. The first who settled at Clapton, was styled Thomas de Dudley, second son of Sir John de Sutton, who, in right of his wife, was made Baron of Dudley, about the year 1340: this Thomas Dudley was one of the lords of Clapton manor, and his grandson married Agnes Hotot in 1395. She afterwards proved the heiress to the ancient family of the Hotots, and he thereby became the sole lord of the manor of Clapton.' p. 229.

There are numerous small mistakes, which we shall pass over; and only add, that the work is neatly printed, and is illustrated with a few plates of arms.

The Essence of Algernon Sidney's Work on Government. To which is annexed, his Essay on Love. By a Student of the Inner Temple. 8vo. 4s. Boards. Johnson. 1795.

AMONG the illustrious men whose names are inscribed on the tablet of history, none have a fairer claim to our gratitude and applause than those, who, with patriotic vigilance, have detected the encroachments of political despotism, or who have opposed its more daring measures with unshaken intrepidity.

The annals of this country can boast the honor of recording many such examples; and in the first rank of those who have asserted the principles of freedom, we may place the celebrated Algernon Sidney. His talents will be acknowledged

by the scholar and the man of genius,—and his patriotism must ever be revered by the memory of Englishmen,—while his fate remains a melancholy instance of the arbitrary and cruel administration of a defective system of criminal jurisprudence.

Sidney's *Work on Government*, like that of the great Locke, was chiefly written for the purpose of refuting the pernicious dogmas of Sir Robert Filmer, one of the most bigoted and unqualified writers in support of absolute monarchy. This author and his productions would long since have been forgotten but for the eminent abilities by which the arguments of the latter were attacked and defeated. The task was indeed not difficult; but its performance was rendered highly beneficial to mankind, by introducing a clear deduction and solid establishment of the true principles of civil liberty.

The object of the publication before us is to introduce the works of Sidney to more general notice.—We approve the design, as the discourses here abridged exhibit a solidity of reasoning, and simplicity of style, much superior to the flimsy pamphlets that issue forth from the press to gratify the present avidity of the political world.

Though we are not noticing an original work, we cannot refrain from quoting a passage, which, as the editor remarks in a note, would make an unlearned reader imagine Sidney to be a very modern writer.

‘ Whatever virtue may be in the first magistrates, many years will not pass before they come to be corrupted; and their successors, deflecting from their integrity, will seize upon the ill-guarded prey. They will then not only govern by will, but by that irregular will, which turns the law, that was made for the public good, to the private advantage of one or a few men. It is not my intention to enumerate the several ways that have been taken to effect this; or to shew what governments have deflected from the right, and how far. But I think I may justly say, that an arbitrary power was never well placed in any men, and their successors, who were not obliged to obey the laws they should make. This was well understood by our Saxon ancestors; they made laws in their assemblies and councils of the nation; but all those who proposed or assented to those laws, as soon as the assembly was dissolved, were comprehended under the power of them, as well as other men. They could do nothing to the prejudice of the nation, that would not be as hurtful to those who were present, and their posterity, as to those who by many accidents might be absent. The Normans entered into, and continued in the same path. Our parliaments at this day are in the same condition. They may make prejudicial wars,

wars, ignominious treaties, and unjust laws: yet when the session is ended, they must bear the burden as much as others; and, when they die, the teeth of their children will be set on edge with the four grapes they have eaten. But it is hard to delude or corrupt so many: men do not in matters of the highest importance yield to slight temptations. No man serves the devil for nothing: small wages will not content those who expose themselves to perpetual infamy, and the hatred of a nation for betraying their country. Our kings had not wherewithal to corrupt many till these last twenty years, and the treachery of a few was not enough to pass a law. The union of many was not easily wrought, and there was nothing to tempt them to endeavour it; for they could make little advantage during the session, and were to be lost in the mass of the people, and prejudiced by their own laws, as soon as it was ended. They could not in a short time reconcile their various interests or passions, so as to combine together against the public; and the former kings never went about it. We are beholden to Hyde, Clifford, and Danby, for all that has been done of that kind. They found a parliament full of lewd young men chosen by a furious people in spite to the puritans, whose severity had disgusted them. The weakest of all ministers had wit enough to understand, that such as these might be easily deluded, corrupted, or bribed. Some were fond of their seats in parliament, and delighted to domineer over their neighbours by continuing in them; others preferred the cajoleries of the court before the honour of performing their duty to their country that employed them. Some sought to relieve their ruined fortunes, and were most forward to give the king a vast revenue, that from thence they might receive pensions: others were glad of a temporary protection against their creditors. Many knew not what they did when they annulled the triennial act; voted the militia to be in the king; gave him the excise, customs, and chimney-money; made the act for corporations, by which the greatest part of the nation was brought under the power of the worst men in it; drunk or sober passed the five-mile act, and that for uniformity in the church. This emboldened the court to think of making parliaments to be the instruments of our slavery, which had in all ages past been the firmest pillars of our liberty. There might have been perhaps a possibility of preventing this pernicious mischief in the constitution of our government. But our brave ancestors could never think their posterity would degenerate into such baseness as to sell themselves and their country.' P. 254.

This extract is sufficiently intelligible to prevent the necessity of any comment.

The Essay on Love, which is added to this abridgement of Sidney's Discourses on Government, is a rhapsody that, though

it evinces the youthful genius of the author, might have been omitted without much injury to his fame.

Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society of London. For the Year 1794. Part II. 4to. 8s. Elmsley. 1794.

THIS volume contains a considerable number of articles, from several of which some useful information may be obtained; and one in particular deserves the attention of the man of finance and the merchant as well as the philosopher.

Art. XII. On the Conversion of Animal Muscle into a Substance much resembling Spermaceti. By G. S. Gibbes, B. A. of Magdalen College, Oxford.

A very just observation is made by the writer of this article, that, after any fact has been well ascertained, we are surprised that many passages in the writings of eminent men had not led us sooner to the discovery. Of the conversion of animal muscle into a soapy substance, traces have been found in the writings of sir Thomas Browne and lord Bacon: and, probably, a more accurate examination of still older writings will shew that our forefathers were not totally unacquainted with this phenomenon: for

————— *mortalia facta peribunt;*
and

*Multa renascentur, quæ jam cecidere; cadentque,
Quæ nunc sunt in honore.*

Perhaps the present writer will do well to proceed in the examination of the history of this phenomenon, as well as in farther experiments to make it useful to mankind. By observing the progress made in the change of a dead cow in a stream of running water, where the part exposed to the running water was changed into a fatty substance, and the other part, where the water did not pass off, was not so much changed, and had a disagreeable smell; and afterwards by producing the change by means of the acids, he has ascertained the fact, that the putrefactive fermentation is not only not necessary, but that it takes away a great deal of flesh, which would otherwise have been converted into the new substance. The experiment with the acids is thus described—

‘ I took three lean pieces of mutton and poured on them the three mineral acids, and I perceived that at the end of three days each was much altered; that in the nitrous acid was much softened, and on separating the acid from it, I found it to be exactly the same with that which I had before got from the water; that in the
muriatic

muriatic acid was not in that time so much altered; the vitriolic acid had turned the other black.' p. 173.

Art. XIII. Abstract of a Register of the Barometer, Thermometer, and Rain, at Lyndon, in Rutland, 1793. By Thomas Barker, Esq.

Mean height of the barometer 29,62; of the thermometer in the house 65, abroad $64\frac{1}{2}$; of the rain 22,913.

Art. XIV. Observations on some Egyptian Mummies opened in London. By John Frederick Blumenbach, M. D. F. R. S.

A very thriving trade was carried on upon the revival of literature, with coins Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, forged in different parts of the continent of Asia and Europe; and many a manuscript, in high estimation, came from the pen of a then living writer in Constantinople or the Grecian isles. Egyptian mummies were not supposed capable of modern imitation; but what will not the love of gain produce? and what will not ignorant curiosity admit? The inquisitive writer of this paper has opened several mummies, and destroyed the ideal value of many a cabinet. Among the various fraudulent artifices practised in the construction of the mask for one mummy, he mentions the following—

'The wooden part was evidently a piece of the front of the sarcophagus of the mummy of a young person; and in order to convert its alto relievo into the basso-relievo of the usual cotton mask of a mummy, plaster had been applied on each side of the nose; after which paper had been ingeniously pasted over the whole face, and lastly, this paper had been stained with the colours generally observed on mummies.' p. 186.

'Some other suspicious circumstances in the mummies I examined in London were more evident. For instance, the coffins of sycamore wood fastened together with iron nails, in which the small mummies of Dr. Garthshore, Dr. Lettsom, and Sir. W. Hamilton, were contained, had most probably been recently constructed of pieces of decayed sarcophagi of ancient mummies. The little Sloanian mummy even lay in a box in the form of a sarcophagus, which was made of a dark-brown hard wood, totally different from the sycamore, and manifestly of modern construction.' p. 186.

Such being the fraudulent practices of the mummy merchants, little reliance can be placed on the opinions hitherto advanced on these supposed remains of Egyptian antiquity: and before we attempt to conjecture the age of a mummy, we shall do well to examine the state of our knowledge on this head, and whether we possess the desiderata very properly stated by this writer—

‘ A more accurate determination of the various, so strikingly different, and yet as strikingly characteristic national configurations in the monuments of the Egyptian arts, together with a determination of the periods in which those monuments were produced, and the causes of their remarkable differences.

‘ A very careful technical examination of the characteristic forms of the several skulls of mummies we have hitherto met with, together with an accurate comparison of those skulls with the monuments above mentioned.

‘ This, at least, I consider as the surest method of solving the problem; being persuaded that, especially after what has just now been said of the fraudulent restorations, it can hardly be expected that we should be able to draw any just inferences from the mere style, and the contents of the painted integuments of the mummies we may have opportunities to examine.

‘ Still less can we infer aught from the sculpture or paintings on the sarcophagi, as to the contents of the mummies sent us into Europe; Maillet having about sixty or seventy years ago detected the fraud of the Arabs, who he says are in the practice of breaking in pieces the mummies contained in the catacombs in the more ornamented sarcophagi, for the sake of the idols they expect to find in them, of replacing them with tolerably preserved common painted mummies (such as I have called soft), and thus offering them for sale.’ P. 189.

The mummies opened were wrapt up in cotton bandages, impregnated with a resinous substance, into masses of which on putting a heated poker, there arose a smell like that of fir-rofin, or the drug called wild incense from ant hills. In some were detached bones of the bird Ibis, in another a human *os humeri*, the remains probably of an older mummy; the outward integuments had some traces of our common lint paper; and the conjecture is probably right, that many of the small mummies, instead of being, as once supposed, the mummies of small children, or embryos, are the real mummies of ibises; or when an ibis was not at hand, the mummy manufacturer ‘ took a bone, or the solid part of a decayed mummy, or indeed any thing that was nearest at hand, dressed it up as the mummy of an ibis, and tendered it for sale.’

The information communicated by this paper will, it is to be hoped, render the possessors of mummies anxious to have them opened by this learned investigator; for the discovery of one real mummy will compensate for the mortification in the disappointed curiosos, of having placed a value on an old bone dressed up by an Egyptian drug merchant.

Art. XV. Observations on Vision. By David Hosack, M. D.

In

In explaining the phænomena of vision it has been usual to consider the eye as a compound lens, through which the rays of light by refraction form on the retina, at a proper distance, an image corresponding to the object. According to the different distances of the objects, the lenses have been supposed to change their shapes, in order that the image might be accurately formed; but it is certain, that if the lenses remain the same, and the distance of the retina from the surface of the eye is changed according to the distances of objects, the images will be accurately painted upon it. The writer of this paper adopts the latter position, and confirms it by solid arguments, which deserve the attention of the anatomist, as well as that of the philosopher; and the question will be reduced to a matter of fact—Are certain muscles evidently acting on the eye employed in changing the position of the retina or not? If they are, it is evidently unnecessary to adopt the commonly received notions of the changes in the lenses. But the reader will better see the purport of this paper from the writer's own words—

‘I have thus endeavoured, first, to point out the limited action of the iris, and of consequence the insufficiency of this action for explaining vision. Secondly, to prove that the lens possesses no power of changing its form to the different distances of objects. Thirdly, that to see objects at different distances, corresponding changes of distance should be produced between the retina and the anterior part of the eye, as also in the refracting powers of the media through which the rays of light are to pass. And, fourthly, that the combined action of the external muscles is not only capable of producing these effects, but that from their situation and structure they are also peculiarly adapted to produce them.’ P. 215.

The inquiry into these facts is of considerable importance, as hence may be seen the futility sometimes of couching; and the weakness of sight in old age will not so much originate in the change of the iris, as in the want of strength in the muscles to perform their usual offices. Some figures of the eye are engraved in a plate annexed to this paper; and from a view of them, and the reasoning of the writer on the irregular contraction and dilatation of the pupil on looking at an object at different distances, we are much inclined to adopt his opinion, which we recommend to every person employed either in applying remedies to the diseases of the eye, or in examining into the nature of vision.

Art. XVI. Dr. Halley's *Quadrature of the Circle improved*: being a Transformation of his Series for that Purpose to others which converge by the Powers of 80. By the Rev. John Hellins.

Dr.

Dr. Halley's series is transformed into others of swifter convergency, by means of different forms, in which the fluents of some fluxions may be expressed. Thus, instead of representing

the fluent of $\frac{x^m - 1}{1 - x^n}$ by $\frac{x^m}{m} + \frac{x^{m+n}}{m+n} + \frac{x^{m+2n}}{m+2n} + \frac{x^{m+3n}}{m+3n}$, &c. the following, easily investigated by the rule in

page 64 of Emerson's Fluxions, third edition, is adopted,

$$\frac{x^m}{m \cdot 1 - x^n} - \frac{n x^{m+n}}{m \cdot m + n \cdot 1 - x^n} + \frac{n \cdot 2n \cdot x^{m+2n}}{m \cdot m + n \cdot m + 2n \cdot 1 - x^n} - \frac{n \cdot 2n \cdot 3n \cdot x^{m+3n}}{m \cdot m + n \cdot m + 2n \cdot m + 3n \cdot 1 - x^n} + \&c. \quad \text{Let } \frac{x^n}{1 - x^n}$$

$= z$, and the first, second, &c. terms of the series $\frac{x^m}{m \cdot 1 - x^n}$

$$- \frac{n x^{m+n}}{m \cdot m + n \cdot 1 - x^n} + \frac{n \cdot 2n x^{m+2n}}{m \cdot m + n \cdot m + 2n \cdot 1 - x^n} + \&c.$$

$= A, B, C$, respectively, our series becomes $\frac{x^m}{m \cdot 1 - x^n} -$

$$\frac{n z A}{m + n} + \frac{2 n z B}{m + 2 n} - \frac{3 n z C}{m + 3 n} + \&c.$$

Now if the radius of a circle $= 1$, and the tangent of any arc $= t$, the arc itself is expressed by the following series:

$$= \left\{ \begin{array}{l} + \left\{ \begin{array}{l} t + \frac{t^9}{9} + \frac{t^{17}}{17} + \frac{t^{25}}{25} + \frac{t^{33}}{33} + \&c. \\ \frac{t^5}{5} + \frac{t^{13}}{13} + \frac{t^{21}}{21} + \frac{t^{29}}{29} + \frac{t^{37}}{37} + \&c. \end{array} \right. \\ - \left\{ \begin{array}{l} \frac{t^3}{3} + \frac{t^{11}}{11} + \frac{t^{19}}{19} + \frac{t^{27}}{27} + \frac{t^{35}}{35} + \&c. \\ \frac{t^7}{7} + \frac{t^{15}}{15} + \frac{t^{23}}{23} + \frac{t^{31}}{31} + \frac{t^{39}}{39} + \&c. \end{array} \right. \end{array} \right.$$

The series is arranged in the above order, that each line may correspond with the fluent of $\frac{x^m - 1}{1 - x^n}$ first laid down, and consequently may be made to correspond to the second form of fluents investigated by Emerson's mode, and afterwards simplified by the use of the terms A, B, C. In the first of these series the value of $m = 1$, in the second $m = 5$,
in

in the third $m = 3$, in the fourth $m = 7$, and in each $n = 8$.
If $t = \sqrt{\frac{1}{3}} = \text{tangent of } 30^\circ$, the arch of 30°

$$= \begin{cases} + \left\{ \frac{1}{\sqrt{3}} \times \frac{1}{1} + \frac{1}{9 \cdot 81} + \frac{1}{17 \cdot 81^2} + \frac{1}{25 \cdot 81^3} + \frac{1}{33 \cdot 81^4} + \&c. \right. \\ \frac{1}{9\sqrt{3}} \times \frac{1}{5} + \frac{1}{13 \cdot 81} + \frac{1}{21 \cdot 81^2} + \frac{1}{29 \cdot 81^3} + \frac{1}{37 \cdot 81^4} + \&c. \\ - \left\{ \frac{1}{3\sqrt{3}} \times \frac{1}{3} + \frac{1}{11 \cdot 81} + \frac{1}{19 \cdot 81^2} + \frac{1}{27 \cdot 81^3} + \frac{1}{35 \cdot 81^4} + \&c. \right. \\ \frac{1}{27\sqrt{3}} \times \frac{1}{7} + \frac{1}{15 \cdot 81} + \frac{1}{23 \cdot 81^2} + \frac{1}{31 \cdot 81^3} + \frac{1}{39 \cdot 81^4} + \&c. \end{cases}$$

Hence six times this series = a semicircle, and if the diameter = 1 it equals the whole circumference. Multiply therefore the series by 6, and substitute $\sqrt{12}$ for $\frac{6}{\sqrt{3}}$, the new series according in the form laid down, will give the circumference of a circle whose diameter is unity.

$$= \begin{cases} + \left\{ \frac{81\sqrt{12}}{80} - \frac{8A}{9 \cdot 80} + \frac{16B}{17 \cdot 80} - \frac{24C}{25 \cdot 80} + \frac{32D}{33 \cdot 80} + \&c. \right. \\ \frac{81\sqrt{12}}{5 \cdot 9 \cdot 80} - \frac{8A}{13 \cdot 80} + \frac{16B}{21 \cdot 80} - \frac{24C}{29 \cdot 80} + \frac{32D}{37 \cdot 80} + \&c. \\ - \left\{ \frac{81\sqrt{12}}{3 \cdot 3 \cdot 80} - \frac{8A}{11 \cdot 80} + \frac{16B}{19 \cdot 80} - \frac{24C}{27 \cdot 80} + \frac{32D}{35 \cdot 80} + \&c. \right. \\ \frac{81\sqrt{12}}{7 \cdot 27 \cdot 80} - \frac{8A}{15 \cdot 80} + \frac{16B}{23 \cdot 80} - \frac{24C}{31 \cdot 80} + \frac{32D}{39 \cdot 80} + \&c. \end{cases}$$

and as all the terms, except the first, are dividible by 8, the circumference of a circle whose diameter is 1, will be found in still simpler terms

$$= \begin{cases} + \left\{ \frac{81\sqrt{12}}{80} - \frac{A}{9 \cdot 10} + \frac{2B}{17 \cdot 10} - \frac{3C}{25 \cdot 10} + \frac{4D}{33 \cdot 10} + \&c. \right. \\ \frac{9\sqrt{12}}{400} - \frac{A}{13 \cdot 10} + \frac{2B}{21 \cdot 10} - \frac{3C}{29 \cdot 10} + \frac{4D}{37 \cdot 10} + \&c. \\ - \left\{ \frac{9\sqrt{12}}{80} - \frac{A}{11 \cdot 10} + \frac{2B}{19 \cdot 10} - \frac{3C}{27 \cdot 10} + \frac{4D}{35 \cdot 10} + \&c. \right. \\ \frac{3\sqrt{12}}{7 \cdot 80} - \frac{A}{15 \cdot 10} + \frac{2B}{23 \cdot 10} - \frac{3C}{31 \cdot 10} + \frac{4D}{39 \cdot 10} + \&c. \end{cases}$$

In this case $x = \sqrt{\frac{1}{3}}$, and $n = 8 \therefore x^n = \left(\sqrt{\frac{1}{3}}\right)^8 = \frac{1}{81}$ and

$$\frac{x^n}{1-x^n} = \frac{\frac{1}{81}}{1-\frac{1}{81}} = \frac{1}{80}.$$

Art. XVII. On the Method of determining from the real Probabilities of Life, the Values of contingent Reversions, in which Three Lives are involved in the Survivorship. By William Morgan, Esq. F. R. S.

Of a paper which for the last three years has engaged a large portion of the time and attention of the ablest calculator in Europe, and which contains correct solutions of the most difficult and complicated cases in the doctrine of survivorships, it is evidently not within the limits of our Review to give a detail at large; and from most of our readers such difficult questions would hardly gain a perusal, and for others we could not do justice to the writer and to ourselves. After a lemma, to determine from any table of observations the probability that B the elder dies after A the younger of two lives, either in any given number of years, or during the whole continuance of the life of B, there are six problems. 1. To find the value of an annuity on the life of C after A, on the particular condition that A's life when it fails shall fail before the life of B. 2. To find the value of an annuity during the life of C, after the decease of A, provided A should survive B. 3. To find the value of a given sum payable on the death of A and C, provided B should survive one life, in particular A. 4. To find the value of a given sum 8, payable on the death of A and C, should B die before one life, in particular A. 5. To find the value of a given sum payable on the decease of B and C, should their lives be the last that shall fail of the three lives A, B, and C. 6. To find the value of a given sum payable on the death of C, provided A should be the first, B the second, and C the third that shall fail of the three lives A, B, C. From this writer's extensive knowledge and great practice, we have every reason to expect, that the doctrine of annuities and survivorships will be brought to the utmost pitch of perfection; and we may hope that all students in this branch of science may hereafter be favoured with the complete system of this writer, and his discoveries in a separate work.

Art. XVIII. Observation of the great Eclipse of the Sun, of September 5, 1793, by John Jerome Schroeter, Esq. of Lienthal.

According to this writer, the first contact was at $10^h 26' 55''$, and it ended at $1^h 32' 54''$ true time. During the eclipse he observed clearly and distinctly three high ridges of mountains projecting sensibly into the disk of the sun, all of them projecting if not 4 at least 3 seconds beyond the rim of the moon, and consequently being above 4 English miles high: these were on the south-east border. On the south-western limb of the

the moon, there was another prominent range of mountains, not less than 23 geographical miles in length, and 4 insulated mountains projecting from 2 to 3 seconds beyond the rim of the moon, which the writer took to be part of the region Leibnitz, brought into view by the libration of the moon. The writer was full of raptures at the lofty mountainous appearance of the southward rim of the moon at noon; and we, who have not a Schraderian reflector, are not willing to detract from his raptures, though we feel no inclination, nor see any grounds for adopting his opinions on the great height of the lunar mountains.

Art. XIX. Experiments and Observations made with the Doubler of Electricity, with a View to determine its real Utility, in the Investigation of the Electricity of Atmospheric Air in different Degrees of Purity. By Mr. John Read.

From a variety of experiments Mr. Read has ascertained 'that air, infected with animal respiration or vegetable putrefaction, is always electrified negatively, when at the same time the surrounding atmosphere is electrified positively.' He found this to be the case in his small room, which he attributed to the respiration and usual effluvium of his body, whilst in a larger room his machine gave positive electricity; and in this larger room, when two persons had been in it with the doors and windows shut up, in about 20 minutes the machine gave negative electricity. We were concerned, in reading the account of one experiment, that so many young people are, within a mile of the metropolis, exposed to the pernicious effects of unwholesome air; and we hope that the publishing of this paper will excite the inhabitants of Knightsbridge to take proper steps to remedy such a nuisance. Whether from the number of children educated in Knightsbridge charity-school, or from the main sewer of that neighbourhood running at no great depth under it, the writer of this paper has (he tells us) 'found the noxious effluvium so very strong in this school, that he has hastened out to breathe a purer air.' What a misapplication of the word *charity*!—This cannot be known generally to the inhabitants of Knightsbridge! The machine of course was in this school electrified negatively, as it was in the small wards of the Lock Hospital, and over a dunghill. This connection between a pure or impure state of the air, and positive or negative electricity, deserves farther investigation, and may be applied to very useful purposes.

Art. XX. Tables for reducing the Quantities by Weight in any Mixture of pure Spirit and Water, to those by Measure, and for determining the Proportion by measure of each of the two Substances in such Mixtures. By Mr. George Gilpin, Clerk to the Royal Society.

The

The man of finance considers spirits as an object merely of taxation,—the philosopher as a powerful agent in nature,—the merchant as an article merely of commerce. To all of them it is of importance to know the actual state of the spirits before them; otherwise the exciseman will lose a part of his taxes,—the philosopher's calculations will be false,—and the merchant's gains may be made precarious. The difficulty of calculating the precise state of spirits in mixture must convince any man, that 'the simplest and most equitable mode of levying the duty on spirituous liquors would be to consider rectified spirit as the true and only excisable matter;' and we may venture to say that, if this is not the case, either the revenue or the merchant must be sufferers.

The tables are constructed for the degrees of heat from 30° to 80° inclusive; and under each degree are given two tables,—one for 100 parts of spirit, to which additions are made successively of one part of water, from 1 to 99 inclusively, these parts being equal in weight. In the second table, to 100 parts of water are successively added parts of spirit, decreasing from 99 to 1 inclusively. Then for each table there are eight columns; the first giving the spirit and water by weight; the second the corresponding specific gravity for each mixture: in the third, 100 is taken as the constant measure of the spirit under the degree of temperature marked at the head of the table. In the fourth, the measure of the water added to the spirit is given in parts of the measure of the spirit. In the fifth column the bulk of each mixture is given. In the sixth, the diminution of bulk of the mixture owing to the concentration of the parts. In the seventh, the quantity of spirit in a hundred measures of the mixture. In the eighth are decimal multipliers, by means of which the quantity by measure of standard pure spirit of ,825 specific gravity at 60° of heat may at once be ascertained, the temperature and specific gravity of the liquor being given. At the end of these tables, a small table is annexed for the specific gravity of water at the different degrees of heat from 30° to 80° inclusive.

An easy example will make the use of these tables familiar to the reader—

' Suppose the heat to be 35° , the specific gravity ,909, and the quantity of spirit 138,99 measures.

' Under 35° of heat, and in column II. of specific gravity, find ,909; and in the same horizontal line, take out from column VIII. the decimal multiplier ,7297, by which multiply 138,99, cutting off as many figures to the right as there are decimals in both factors;

tors; then we shall have 101,421003 for the measures of pure spirit, of the specific-gravity ,825 at 60° of heat.

‘ Now a mere inspection of the columns in the tables will shew that a spirit of that strength was obtained, by adding 51 parts of water by weight to 100 parts of spirit, as in column I. which produced the specific gravity found in the same horizontal line, column II. It will as readily be seen, that the same specific gravity results from adding together their equivalents in measure, columns III. and IV. and that column V. contains the quantity, which the two quantities really measure after the mixture has been made.’ P. 382.

We recommend these tables to all dealers in spirituous liquors, whether merchants, commissioners of the excise, or simple consumers.

Art. XXI. Observations and Experiments on a Wax-like Substance, resembling the Pé-la of the Chinese, collected at Madras by Dr. Anderson, and called by him White Lac. By George Pearson, M. D. F. R. S.

This wax is produced from a coccus, deposited for the purpose of breeding on certain shrubs, and managed exactly in the same manner as the Mexicans manage the cochineal insect. The natives collect it, and it is melted down into a wax-like substance. The animal which produces the lac, provides itself also with a sweet fluid resembling honey. Many experiments were made to discover its affinities and combinations; and from the analysis of it by fire, it appears that 100 parts of white lac purified yield

Butyraceous oil	- - - - -	25½
Thin oil	- - - - -	50
Water containing acid	- - - - -	2½
Carbonaceous matter, containing phosphoric acid,		
muriatic acid, and soda	- - - - -	4½
Carbonic acid, by estimation	- - - - -	4
Hydrogen, by estimation	- - - - -	1½
Nitrogen or azote, by estimation	- - - - -	10

98

Deficiency by waste and error, by estimation

2

100 parts.

‘ When this experiment was made with unpurified white lac, the proportion of water and carbonaceous matter was much greater than in the preceding experiment. On account also of the water, it was extremely difficult to prevent the substance boiling over and bursting the vessels.

‘ Charcoal of wood being mixed with white lac, the oil seemed to

to distil over more readily, with less water, and was paler coloured oil than in the preceding experiment.

‘ White lac was also distilled from pot-ash, without any material difference in the result, excepting that the oils which distilled over were thicker.’ P. 392.

Upon the whole we may conclude, that, though white lac and bees'-wax are different species of substances, they agree with each other in more properties than they do with any other known bodies; and that white lac might be made to serve for illumination and combustion as well as bees'-wax, either by diminishing the proportion of carbon, or by increasing the proportion of the other components.

Art. XXII. Account of some remarkable Caves in the Principality of Bayreuth, and of the Fossil Bones found therein. Extracted from a Paper sent, with Specimens of the Bones, to the Royal Society by the Margrave of Anspach.

These caves are about four miles from Streitberg, near the road from Bayreuth to Nuremberg. They are six in number, of vast capacity, covered with stalactites: the bottom and walls are filled with innumerable remains of teeth and bones, and the bottoms are covered with true animal mould. They are the most remarkable caverns of animal remains yet explored, and give rise to various conjectures on the process by which such a collection of animal bones could be brought together.

Art. XXIII. Observations on the Fossil Bones presented to the Royal Society by the Margrave of Anspach. By the late John Hunter, Esq. F. R. S.

Mr. Hunter adopted the opinion, and seemingly upon good grounds, that the caves from which these bones were taken, were places of retreat for carnivorous animals, and that the animal earth at the bottom of the caves was the remains of the dung of those animals, and the contents of the bowels of those whom they devoured. The bones sent to the Royal Society he conjectured to be those of the white bear; but from want of a sufficient number, he does not pretend to be decided in this opinion. A good remark is introduced on extraneous fossils, in which it is generally supposed that the animal matter is destroyed; but in all Mr. Hunter's experiments upon them, the case was otherwise. The animal part is not allowed to putrefy; it appears to be dissolved into a kind of mucus, and can be discovered by dissolving the earth in an acid. The mode of judging is thus stated by the writer—

‘ The mode by which I judge of this, is by the quantity of effervescence; when fossil bones are put into the muriatic acid it is

not nearly so great as when a shell is put into it, but it is more in some, although not in all, than when a recent bone is treated in this way, and this I think diminishes in proportion to the quantity of animal substance they retain; as a proof of this, those fossil bones which contain a small portion of animal matter, produce in an acid the greatest effervescence when the surface is acted on, and very little when the centre is affected by it; however, this may be accounted for by the parts which have lost their phosphoric acid, and acquired the aerial, being easiest of solution in the marine acid, and therefore dissolved first, and the aerial acid let loose.

‘ In some bones of the whale the effervescence is very great; in the Dalmatia and Gibraltar bones it is less; and in those the subject of the present paper it is very little, since they contain by much the largest proportion of animal substance.’ P. 416.

Art. XXIV. Account of a Mineral Substance, called Strontionite, in which are exhibited its external, physical, and chemical Characters. By Mr. John Godfrey Schmeisser, F. R. S.

This substance derives its name from Strontion in Scotland, where it is found in granite rocks, accompanied by galena and witherite. It is of a fibrous texture, of an asparagus-green colour; when broken, the surface is a little shining in certain directions, and it may be scratched with a hard knife, but not scraped. Its specific gravity, compared to distilled water of 60° temperature is 3,586. Various experiments made upon it are described.

‘ According to these experiments, 100 grains of this crystallized substance yielded by decomposition 70 grains of barytes, 15 grains of carbonic acid, and 12 grains of calcareous earth. The difference of the 3 remaining grains may be accounted for by the water, by the small loss which was observed when the crystallized substance was exposed to a strong heat, and also from the crackling which was perceived when exposed to a sudden heat. Whether this crystallized substance is different from that specimen which Dr. Withering analyzed, or whether the calcareous earth escaped his observation during his experiments, I cannot decide, as he does not mention that he employed the substance in a crystallized state for his experiments.’ P. 425.

Art. XXV. Account of a Spontaneous Inflammation. By Isaac Humfries, Esq. in a Letter from Thomas B. Woodman, Esq. to George Atwood, Esq. F. R. S.

This letter contains a proper caution for people who use linseed oil. A bottle of this oil was in the night by accident thrown down, and the oil ran into a chest among some cotton cloth. In the morning ‘ the cloth was found in a very strong

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degree of heat, and partly reduced to tinder, and the wood of the box discoloured, as from burning.'

Art. XXVI. An Account of an Appearance of Light, like a Star, seen in the dark part of the Moon, on Friday the 7th of March, 1794, by W. Wilkins, Esq. at Norwich.

Art. XXVII. An Account of an Appearance of Light, like a Star, seen lately in the dark part of the Moon, by Thomas Stretton, Esq. in St. John's Square, Clerkenwell, London; with Remarks upon this Observation, and Mr. Wilkins's. By the Rev. Nevil Maskelyne, D. D. F. R. S.

A few minutes before eight o'clock in the evening, Mr. Wilkins is confident that he saw this luminous appearance on the dark part of the moon's surface. The spot was rather brighter than any of the enlightened part of the moon, and the light remained fixed and steady for five minutes at least, except the instant of its disappearance, when its brightness increased. Mr. Stretton's account of a similar appearance was related to Dr. Maskelyne in the following words—

'Some time ago, about six in the evening, the moon not being a quarter old, he saw a light like a star, and as large as a middle sized star, but not so bright, in the dark part of the moon. He continued looking at it for a minute or more, during which time it kept the same light, and he then lost sight of it by going into the house. He said he thought it was not the present moon, viz. that which is now almost gone, and that it was not above seven weeks ago. He was not, however, certain whether it was three weeks or seven weeks ago.' P. 436.

A lady, to whom Mr. Stretton had also related the circumstance immediately after he had seen the spot, thinks the time must have been later, about seven o'clock; and from calculating the time when the moon was in the situation in which this light was perceived, Dr. Maskelyne is of opinion that the same light was seen at the same time both in Clerkenwell and Norwich. There is one singular circumstance attending these facts—Aldebaran was eclipsed that night by the moon, and Dr. Maskelyne himself observed it on its emersion into the moon's dark limb at $6^h 47' 30''$, and on its emersion from the bright limb, at $7^h 30' 3''$; and though he probably must have been looking at the moon some part of the time with the above two observers, he did not see any thing like this light spot on the otherwise dark part of the moon. The question then is—Was there some optical illusion, which made Aldebaran appear to be like a light spot on the dark part of the moon,—or is this light of the same nature with that seen of late years by Herschel, and formerly by Dominic Cassini, on the dark part of the moon?

Observations

Observations on the Increase of Infidelity. By Joseph Priestley, LL. D. F. R. S. &c. &c. Northumberland-Town, America, Printed. London. Reprinted for Johnson. 8vo. 2s. 6d. 1796.

FROM the title-page it appears that this work is only the republication of a pamphlet in London, originally printed in America; and the reader would thence naturally conclude that this edition corresponds exactly with that printed under the inspection of Dr. Priestley. But it has been intimated to us that some liberties have been taken by the publishers of this edition, who, conceiving that the sentiments of our author, on the miracles to be expected before the second coming of Christ, would either not suit the climate of England, or give a sanction to an opinion which they may think ill founded, have suppressed this part of the doctor's publication. We have not seen the American edition, and therefore cannot take upon ourselves to vouch positively for the fact; but, if we have been misinformed, we will, with the publishers' authority, contradict the assertion: if our information is true, and this liberty has been really taken with Dr. Priestley's name and work, we shall not take upon ourselves to enter into the motives which could lead to such a transaction; but we must recommend to the publishers to do justice to the public by altering the title-page, and, after the word '*reprinted*,' inserting—'*With corrections and alterations by the publishers.*'

There cannot be too great a nicety observed in literary transactions. If an author confides a manuscript to the judgment of his friends, and leaves them at liberty to make corrections in it, there cannot be a necessity for stating so insignificant a circumstance to the public; yet, if the alterations are very considerable, or additions have been made in such a manner as clearly to change the original author's right to the whole of the work, the appropriation of his name to it, as in the well-known controversy on a Bamptonian lecture, is hardly allowed to be equitable in the republic of letters. In the work before us there is no information given by the publishers that it was reprinted by the friends or at the desire of Dr. Priestley: it appears as the republication of his work, and as if not a word had been added or omitted by the publishers; and consequently it should seem, that, by affixing the name of Dr. Priestley to these Observations, the editors were bound in duty to the public to give them exactly in the same manner as they stood in the original.

On a subject which has so frequently occupied the attention of our author, much novelty cannot be expected: yet, on taking up the work, which certainly contains many very useful reflections, a thought struck us which very much diminishes its importance. It is entitled '*Observations on the Increase of Infidelity.*'

Infidelity.' Infidelity has therefore been increasing during some time in some country. America can hardly be intended; since, though we allow much to the penetration and judgment of our philosopher, he can hardly have a sufficiently extensive knowledge of that continent, to determine whether the disciples of infidelity are numerous or not, and much less whether they are on the increase or decline. Of England he can only know by hearsay, that some of the advocates for atheism affect to speak boldly of their numerous converts; and thence he may conclude, that other infidels have increased in a still greater proportion. We have heard indeed of this talk of atheism; some of its preachers maintain with greater boldness than usual their tenets. We rejoice that they have the liberty to do it, and we wish only to see their arguments concentrated, that they may meet with the reception which we conceive they deserve,—manly investigation, and Christian refutation,—refutation, not such as our ancestors used, by abusive language, contemptuous treatment of the persons in supposed error, or, still worse, by corporeal pains and penalties,—but a refutation derived from the same principles of reasoning which the atheists themselves allow to be just and good. But let the atheists be confident or not, we cannot, we confess, see any reason for adopting the vulgar error, that infidelity has enlisted under its banners a greater proportion of this generation than of any other since the first preaching of Christianity in these kingdoms.

To France then perhaps our divine refers:—and so much has been said of late of the infidelity of that country, in consequence of the revolution in its government, that we shall labour under strong suspicions ourselves of incredulity if we do not suffer ourselves to glide down the current of vulgar opinion. Yet an anecdote of our author, and our own knowledge of France some years before the revolution, prevent us from acceding to the common notion, that four or five years can have made so prodigious a change in the belief of a vast republic. By the account of Dr. Priestley, the men of letters and the courtiers were in general atheists or infidels;—the noblesse in the army, which were numerous, were never suspected of much religion;—the higher orders of the clergy were supposed to see through the delusions of their own church, and from want of farther examination to reject the scriptures;—many of the rich bourgeoisie, and the farmers-general, would naturally incline to form themselves by the manners of the court and the nobility. Yet, numerous as this class of infidels certainly was, the revolution swept it almost entirely from the face of the country; and if the subsequent rulers might shew too great an attachment to some of the opinions of a discarded nobility and clergy, their decree of liberty of conscience

conscience could only give permission to the infidel party to speak those sentiments more openly, which formerly were confined within their own breasts, or the narrow circle of their acquaintance. We are so far, therefore, from allowing (and no serious Christian can wish to believe) that infidelity has increased in France, that we shall require the evidence of time, and a better knowledge of the real state of the country, before we are convinced that the banishment or destruction of so numerous a body of known infidels, and the entire liberty of conscience now every where allowed, has not been very hurtful to the cause of infidelity.

But whether infidelity has increased or not, there is still certainly too much of it in the world; and it will be never unprofitable to shew the advantages which a Christian possesses over an infidel. This is done with the usual plainness, simplicity, and earnestness, which distinguish the writings of the author now before us; yet, in establishing the superiority of the Christian character over that of the unbeliever, if the perfection which Christianity requires is allowed with too great latitude to its believers, there is not sufficient discrimination made between the results arising from the various shades of infidelity. Infidelity is a word of very extensive import. The Jews, the Mahometans, the Pagans, the Deists, the Atheists, in short much above two thirds of the present race of mankind, come under this description. Of these some believe as firmly as the Christian, though not indeed upon so good evidence, in the being of a God and a future state; and, if some errors are mixed with their belief, it would be difficult to prove, that their life might not be guided by as pure motives as those of the Christian who embraces with the true faith all the superstition of the Romish and Greek churches. Indeed it would be absurd to suppose that the meanest Christian, however debased by the corruptions which have in so many countries almost entirely annihilated our holy religion, is superior to the conscientious and enlightened worshipper in a mosque or a synagogue.

The question, indeed, on the merits of infidelity and true Christianity, seems to us to lie in a very narrow compass. The infidel, whether he believes or disbelieves the future state, will find in Christianity a purer system of morals than his own; and if he disbelieves a future state, or believes it on the evidence only of natural reason or tradition, he will find in Christianity the surest proofs of the existence of that state, and see the wisdom with which all the dispensations of God to mankind have been ordained. The true Christian must therefore have the superiority over the unbeliever:—and this subject is very well amplified in the work before us, and the prejudices conceived against Christianity from some mistaken views of it re-

ceive here proper animadversion. That many persons should in a Christian country become infidels, is not to be wondered at, when we consider some causes which naturally lead to irreligion in those who have been well instructed.

‘Inattention to the subject of religion’ (says our author), ‘however generated, naturally leads to infidelity; and much intercourse with the world, the busy or the gay, the political, the commercial, or the philosophical, as it is now conducted, tends to produce this inattention. In this case the mind is wholly occupied with things foreign to religion. It never becomes the subject of conversation, and there not being in the mind any ideas that have associations with it, it will not easily occur even to a man’s private thoughts. When this is the case, whether men be nominally unbelievers in christianity or not, they will be no better for it, as it cannot have any influence on their thoughts, words, or actions. It will not at all contribute to form the character, or give a turn to their sentiments. Their minds are so wholly engrossed by the things of this world, that they never raise their views above them. They have no hopes or wishes respecting a future world, and therefore cannot be prepared to make any sacrifices to the consideration of it.’ P. 31.

The superiority of the Christian having been ascertained, and the neglect of the infidel in not sufficiently examining the scriptures, exposed,—the objections which are usually made to Christianity are answered; and from this chapter we shall select the remarks on Gibbon, as most worthy of our readers’ attention—

‘The only unbeliever who appears to me to have had any idea of the true state of the question between believers and unbelievers, is Mr Gibbon. Being acquainted with history, he saw no reason to entertain any doubt with respect to the circumstances in which christianity is said to have been promulgated in the Gospels, and the Acts of the Apostles, and consequently the rapidity with which it spread through the most distant provinces of the Roman empire. He could not deny the remarkable fact, that a few unlearned men, of a despised nation, conceived such ideas respecting the enlightening and reforming of the world, as had never occurred to the greatest philosophers of the most celebrated nations, and that they succeeded in the bold design, having propagated the new religion with unexampled success in the learned and civilized, as well as the unlearned and uncivilized, parts of the world, and this notwithstanding the greatest sufferings to which they and their followers were universally exposed; so that there could not have been wanting any motive to the most rigorous examination of the facts on which it was founded, and while they were all recent. He therefore thought it necessary to give his ideas of the causes of this wonderful event. For he could not but be sensible, that every effect requires

requires an adequate cause. But the lameness of his account betrays the most extreme prejudice, amounting to a total incapacity of forming a right judgment in the case.

‘ Mr. Gibbon with great seriousness ascribes the rapid spread of christianity chiefly to the zeal of its advocates, the strictness of their discipline, and the promises of happiness in another world, which the new religion held out to men. But this is no more than, with the Indian, placing the world upon the elephant, without knowing that the elephant was supported by the tortoise. For he gives no account at all of the cause of the great zeal of the primitive christians, of the strictness of their discipline, or how so many persons were induced to believe these flattering promises of future happiness, so as to live and die in the firm belief of it. Consequently, the great difficulty of the ready reception of the gospel, and the rapid spread of christianity, without being supported by miracles, remains just as he found it, that is, wholly unaccounted for. The gospel history clearly accounts for every thing that took place. But if that history be false, if no miracles were ever wrought, the belief of those miracles, by persons so indisposed to the reception of christianity as both the jews and gentiles of that age evidently were, was absolutely impossible, on any known principles of human nature. Consequently, a much greater miracle is in reality admitted by unbelievers, than any that the gospel history supposes, and a miracle without any rational object whatever.’ P. 62.

This chapter is followed by some judicious remarks on the folly of ascribing the original of either the Jewish or Christian religion to the artifice of priests; and in another chapter, much good advice is given to regulate the conduct of Christians towards unbelievers,—a part of which only we can select, and we recommend it strenuously to all who have at heart the conversion of their brethren, or the influence of the Christian religion.

‘ But we should most carefully bear in mind, that in the defence of christianity, as in our whole conduct, we should shew a disposition worthy of it. Besides that uniform superiority of mind to this world, which removes us to the greatest distance from every thing mean and base; besides that spirit of habitual devotion, and universal benevolence, which raises the human character to the highest pitch of moral excellence (of the most important elements of which, unbelievers, who have not the enlarged views that christianity opens to us, are necessarily destitute), let our behaviour towards unbelievers themselves be the reverse of what theirs generally is towards Christians, and which is so conspicuous in the writings of Voltaire and others. Let there be nothing in it of their sarcastic turn of mind, which implies both contempt and malevolence. Let it be with that meekness and benevolence, which the apostles so strongly recommended. 1. Pet. iii. 15; 2 Tim. ii. 20.

Let every thing we say on the subject, or do with respect to it, discover the greatest goodwill, and friendly concern for those who differ from us, though in a matter of so much consequence. Let us consider them as persons who are unhappily misled by false views of things, and whom, if they be of a candid disposition, a juster view will set right, but whom an angry or contemptuous opposition would irritate, and alienate more than ever.' p. 86.

It is needless to repeat here what has been so often observed on our author's style and diction. The same ease prevails, and the usual want of attention to the harmony and structure of his sentences. The philosophy of Hartley is kept continually in view: and though the character of the infidels is not weighed in the nicest scales, they will find here sufficient food for serious reflection, while our Christian brethren of every denomination, finding little in this work to shock their respective feelings, may learn to entertain due sentiments of regard for each other, from the superior views held out to us by Christianity, and the treatment which is due from us to infidels.

The Age of Reason. Part the Second. Being an Investigation of True and of Fabulous Theology. By Thomas Paine, Author of the Works intituled, Common Sense—Rights of Man, Part first and second—and Dissertations on first Principles of Government. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Symonds. 1795.

TO a sincere inquirer after truth there cannot be proposed a more important question than to discriminate between the pretensions of different nations to the divine origin of their sacred writings, and in those writings to discriminate between the parts which lay claim to revelation, or are merely the additions and remarks of the compilers. In our country we have a volume containing two parts—the first (with the exception of a few chapters in the Chaldee, and some apocryphal writings in Greek) written in the Hebrew language,—the second written entirely in the Greek: and each part is acknowledged by a vast body of men of different ages and nations as the rule of faith and doctrine. In considering the pretensions of this volume to the estimation in which it has been held, we must have regard to the characters of the writers or compilers, and to the truth of its contents. If in its contents there should be any part absolutely contrary to pure morality, or well-formed notions of the supreme being, and this part should be said to have the sanction of God, there cannot be a doubt, that, however it may be sanctioned by antiquity, the writers of this part must either have been enthusiasts,

fiasts, deceived in their belief of a peculiar intercourse with the supreme being, or deceivers, who forged the tale of revelation for some private advantage. But before we involve in the charge of enthusiasm or fraud a class of men evidently distinguished by their talents, their genius, and the general purity of their lives, it is incumbent upon us to be very careful in making our own false or imperfect notions of morality or the divinity the standard by which we presume to judge of other persons' conceptions, and much more of the conduct necessarily to be pursued in all circumstances by the supreme being.

Again, if universal tradition has attributed certain writings to particular authors,—and the time in which they were supposed to be written, though not accurately determined, may, with very little sagacity, be assigned to certain periods,—it would be ridiculous to listen to an author who had confessedly no opportunities of forming a just opinion of the pretensions of these writings to their supposed antiquity. By an impartial man a judgment will be formed in proportion to the documents before him:—he will not expect a species of proof different from that which the subject necessarily admits;—he will proceed with cautious steps,—and he will not, on the first appearance of an objection, throw the book aside, and give it up as entirely unworthy of future notice.

How far the above remarks apply to the work before us, our readers have perhaps anticipated, from their recollection of the striking features in the former part of the *Age of Reason*. The author is now to be seen boasting with greater confidence of his labours: he declares the Bible and Testament to be 'much worse books than he had conceived;' and, after going through the separate books of the Old Testament, he shouts out triumphantly—'I have now gone through the Bible, as a man would go through a wood with an axe on his shoulder, and fell trees. Here they lie; and the priests, if they can, may replant them. They may, perhaps, stick them in the ground, but they will never make them grow.' P. 64.

This is not the temper of mind fit for a searcher after truth. What had priests particularly to do with the question before him? If there was not a priest in the world, the author should have recollected that there is a nation widely dispersed, and without priests, which maintains the credit of these books; and hence all the arguments in the work before us, upon the Old Testament, which are built upon the contempt of modern priests, must be thrown aside as totally irrelevant to the present purpose. The work is called the *Age of Reason*, and we wish that its contents had every where been adapted to its title; but we too often find ridicule, bombast, and puerility, to allow its claim to the merit it seems to expect from the title.

With

With respect to the arguments either against the authenticity of the sacred writings, or against revelation in general, we must observe, that there is not one thing advanced which every scholar has not repeatedly met with in the course of his studies; yet, though they have not the merit of novelty, the popularity of the writer, and the probable effects of them on weaker minds, are a call upon the teachers of Christianity, of every sect, to examine them with attention. It cannot be doubted, that in the course of the controversy many persons will stand forward in defence of their common faith: it shall be our part to notice the strength or weakness of the arguments on either side; and we have not the least doubt, that, after the most rigid trial, the sacred writings will be vindicated even in this imperfect age of reason.

Mr. Paine's attack is against revelation in general, and the pretensions of our scriptures to authenticity. In this attack he is unfortunate in endeavouring to raise many parts of his superstructure on materials which crumble at the first touch. The titles of books offend him, and these titles are taken from his English Bible. Thus we have a part called the Psalms of David, on which we shall give our readers his mode of treating an argument.

'Some of them are moral, and others are very revengeful, and the greater part relates to certain local circumstances of the Jewish nation at the time they were written, with which we have nothing to do. It is, however, an error, or an imposition, to call them the Psalms of David; they are a collection, as song-books are now-a-days, from different song-writers, who lived at different times. The 137th Psalm could not have been written till more than four hundred years after the time of David, because it is written in commemoration of an event, the captivity of the Jews in Babylon, which did not happen till that distance of time. "*By the rivers of Babylon we sat down; yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows, in the midst thereof; for there they that carried us away captive, required of us a song, saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion.*" As a man would say to an American, or to a Frenchman, or to an Englishman, Sing us one of your American songs, or your French songs, or your English songs. This remark, with respect to the time this psalm was written, is of no other use than to shew (among others already mentioned) the general imposition the world has been under, with respect to the authors of the Bible. No regard has been paid to time, place, and circumstance: and the names of persons have been affixed to the several books, which it was as impossible they should write, as that a man should walk in procession at his own funeral.'

P. 40.

Mr. Paine is right, that this is a collection of psalms from
different

different writers : but his remark is totally false of the general imposition under which the world has been labouring with respect to the authors of the Bible ; for they must be very ignorant people indeed who believe that the collection was made by David ; and no one is at all interested to make another believe that David was either the author or compiler of them. Mr. Paine may have heard them called Psalms of David, as other works are called by the name of the author who has the greatest share in them ; but that is the whole which he has to say on the subject, and that was entirely unworthy of notice.

Against the other books it will be presumed, however, that he has a better mode of reasoning. This we readily allow ; yet, in the outset, we must confess our surprise, that he seems totally unacquainted with the origin of the compilation which he is eager to attack. The Bible was not originally in the form in which it appears to us : it was written in rolls ; and many parts, which now make chapters only, were formerly separate volumes. Thus there is the greatest reason to believe from evidence, very well enlarged upon by a celebrated German professor, that the first and second chapters of Genesis were written at very different times,—that the five books of Moses were originally written upon several different rolls ;—and there is proof that one part of Deuteronomy, the Song of Moses, made a separate work. In treating therefore of the five books commonly ascribed to Moses, great attention must be paid to the separate parts of the works. The defender of the Bible will readily allow to his antagonist, that the section on the death of Moses,—that the character given of Moses in the work,—that the name of a town which it did not receive till after the death of Moses (provided the fact be true, of which we have our doubts)—that the names of the kings of Edom, who reigned after the death of Moses,—that these and similar things were not written by Moses. He may also allow that there have been interpolations and omissions in other respects,—that whole sections were written prior to the time of Moses ; yet will not the general tradition be impaired, that the five books, as to by far the greater part of their contents, were written or compiled by Moses. No scholar doubts that we have at present the Iliad very nearly in the same form that it was read by Horace,—by Pericles,—and composed by Homer ; yet no one doubts that there have been interpolations and omissions ; and we could point out some verses at present in the work, which, if the interpolation had not been very ancient, we might recommend to subsequent editors to expunge from their text. Unfortunately, these things, which to every scholar are mere trifles, to Mr. Paine appear of the utmost importance : on these he is to build his proof, that these books were written

ten by 'some Jewish priest, who lived at least three hundred and fifty years after the time of Moses.'

Again, in this stage of the argument we have nothing to do with the character of Moses. Whether he was 'an impostor, a coxcomb, a wretch, a detestable villain' (for with these titles is he decorated by our author), is not the question: and the defenders of the Bible will not be driven from their posts by so contemptible a mode of writing. If Mr. Paine had shewn, that, on the supposition of these books having been written three hundred and fifty years after the death of Moses, the other parts of the Bible could be made to tally with his hypothesis, we might have thought his objections of some magnitude: but this he does not attempt to do; he gives us only his *gratis dictum*, with which certainly no man of the least erudition will be contented, and it is to be hoped, that no one of fewer opportunities to investigate these matters will be deceived.

The remarks on the book of Joshua are very trite. Joshua is not the author; consequently it is anonymous,—consequently it is without authority. What is here meant by the term without authority? Any Jew would have told our writer, that the book of Joshua was never considered of equal importance with the law; but the account of the division of the lands, independent of many other things in it, makes it a work of great importance. The famous passage on the sun and moon standing still at the command of a man could not but come in within the scope of Mr. Paine's ridicule; but he unfortunately neglects to observe, that it is a quotation from the book of Jasher; and the remark on the supposed impropriety of Joshua commanding the sun instead of the earth to stand still, may indeed serve to shew Mr. Paine's knowledge of astronomy, but, as an objection to the history, is below contempt. On Judges he is equally superficial. On the book of Ruth, one of the most elegantly related eastern histories, he indulges in the lowest ribaldry. Who ever said that the book of Ruth was the word of God? Our writer has yet to learn what is meant by the word of God. The prophane curses of Shimei, and every prophane word recorded in the Bible, might, according to this strange critic's mode of determining a question, be called the word of God; but a plain account of the Bible will, it is to be hoped, preserve every one of our readers from the misconceptions in the work before us. The Bible is a miscellaneous book, containing the history of the events from the creation of the world to the end nearly of the Jewish constitution: in this history are interwoven the lives of eminent men,—the prophecies of inspired writers,—the laws proceeding from God himself,—the speeches of wicked and bad men,—and the judgments of Heaven on individuals

duals and nations. There are books also containing prophecies only,—others moral sayings:—one is a beautiful eastern epithalamium,—another a dramatic poem: some are argumentative, as the greater part of St. Paul's epistles, and others full of exhortation and advice. To call every word in this miscellany the word of God, is absurd; but we maintain, that in this miscellany we meet with many things which really did proceed from God; and on that question Mr. Paine may justly be called upon to lay the stress of his arguments, instead of diverting to things really of no consequence.

We should both exceed the limits assigned to us, and our readers' patience, if we took notice of every argument on the different books; but we must shew our author's talents in criticism by his mode of dating the antiquity of the book of Genesis—

' In my observations on the book of Genesis, I have quoted a passage from the 36th chapter, ver. 31. which evidently refers to a time, *after* that kings began to reign over the children of Israel; and I have shewn, that as this verse is verbatim the same as in Chronicles, chap. i. ver. 43. where it stands consistently with the order of history, which in Genesis it does not, the verse in Genesis, and a great part of the 36th chapter, have been taken from Chronicles; and that the book of Genesis, though it is placed first in the Bible, and ascribed to Moses, has been manufactured by some unknown person, after the book of Chronicles was written, which was not until at least eight hundred and sixty years after the time of Moses.

' The evidence I proceed by, to substantiate this, is regular, and has in it but two stages. First, I have already stated, that the passage in Genesis refers itself for *time* to Chronicles; secondly, that the book of Chronicles, to which this passage refers itself, was not *begun* to be written until at least eight hundred and sixty years after the time of Moses. To prove this, we have only to look into the thirteenth verse of the third chapter of the first book of Chronicles, where the writer, in giving the genealogy of the descendants of David, mentions *Zedekiah*: and it was in the time of *Zedekiah* that Nebuchadnezzar conquered Jerusalem, 588 years before Christ, and consequently more than 860 years after Moses. Those who have superstitiously boasted of the antiquity of the Bible, and particularly of the books ascribed to Moses, have done it without examination, and without any other authority than that of one credulous man telling it to another; for, so far as historical and chronological evidence applies, the very first book in the Bible is not so ancient as the book of Homer, by more than three hundred years, and is about the same age with *Æsop's Fables*.' p. 32.

Thus all arguments from difference of style, language, manners,

manners, are of no weight ; and we are almost tempted to fling the work from us, lest our readers should think that we are wasting too much time on a publication of no importance, and trifling with their feelings.

Our author's competence to discuss questions which occupy the attention of men of the soundest erudition, may be seen from his argument, that the names Pleiades, Orion, and Arcturus, are Greek and not Hebrew : and he is to be told, that it does not follow from his reading those names in his English Bible, that they are to be found in any Hebrew volume. His taste he has discovered by telling us, that the book of Isaiah is one of the most wild and disorderly compositions ever put together, one incoherent bombastical rant, full of extravagant metaphor, without application, and destitute of meaning. His desire to confuse the ignorant, or his own ignorance, is too evident from his declamation against the studied craft of the scripture-makers, in which he tells us, 'the head of every chapter, and the top of every page (in Isaiah) are blazoned with the names of Christ and the church, that the unwary reader might suck in the error before he began to read.' Unluckily for our author, there are no such titles in the Hebrew Bibles, and the English translators cannot be called the scripture-makers.

With equal pretensions to accuracy, to temper, and to erudition, he runs through the New Testament,—decides every thing in the most dogmatical manner,—does not separate the abuses of men professing the Christian religion from the pure doctrines of Christianity,—attributes every thing to forgery and priestcraft,—and is not in the least attentive to the concurrent testimony of writers in different ages. By the intemperance of his abuse of every part indiscriminately of the holy scriptures, we should think that he must entirely overthrow his own purpose, and that no one could be led to place implicit faith in his assertions ; but, if he is not properly answered by his antagonists,—if they are led away by his passions to be themselves also in a passion,—if they do not free themselves from the prejudices belonging to the sects to which they are addicted,—if they do not in short consider each separate argument with coolness, totally independent of the opinions formed for the last seventeen hundred years on the subject,—they may give to the present opposers of Christianity a degree of triumph, which every person, who has a regard for sound criticism and true religion, must sincerely deprecate.

The objections founded against revelation have been repeatedly urged by former authors ; and they are not properly distinguished from those which are brought against the authenticity of the books. It is one question to examine the state of
certain

certain writings of great acknowledged antiquity,—another, to determine on the pretensions of any persons to a divine intercourse. In both cases the work before us seems to fail in the extreme. A want of learning is conspicuous in the examination of the former question; and in the latter, a degree of profaneness which cannot be acceptable even to unbelievers of a philosophical and dispassionate turn of mind.

Upon the whole, we should have treated the book with the utmost contempt, if the manner in which the various objections to the scriptures are concentrated did not seem likely to make an impression on the illiterate. On this account alone we shall pay attention to the arguments urged in the course of this controversy: and we are not without hopes that some one, earnest in the cause of religion, will produce such an answer, as, at the same time that it is satisfactory to the learned, shall be written in a popular style, and promote the cause of truth in the mind of every unprejudiced and dispassionate reader.

A Reply to Thomas Paine's Second Part of the Age of Reason.
By Gilbert Wakefield, B.A. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Symonds.
1795

FROM Mr. Wakefield's acknowledged talents and erudition, there cannot be a doubt of his ability to examine every argument of his antagonist: but the work before us does not by any means supersede the necessity of a further reply from the advocates for sacred truth. It fails in two respects; First, It is not sufficiently popular. Mr. Paine applies himself entirely to the common sense of the people,—avoids all appearance of learning,—and rejects entirely every thing which looks like deep erudition. Mr. Wakefield interlards his periods continually with Latin quotations, which are not only foreign from the purpose, but, from the nature of the thing itself, create a suspicion in the persons to whom the *Age of Reason* is addressed, that the answerer wishes to over-rule them by the superiority of his learning, in the room of strength of argument. Secondly, It labours under a still greater defect,—Mr. Paine indulges much in scurrility, and treats the sacred characters, which stand the highest in our estimation, with the utmost contempt and ridicule; but this conduct in the reviler of religion does not justify its advocates in the use of similar expressions. Because Mr. Paine has called Moses a detestable villain, the dispassionate part of the community will be by no means pleased to find in this treatise Mr. Paine characterised as 'a compound of vanity and ignorance,—a silly blockhead,

blockhead,—a headstrong sciolist, who has neither learning enough to know when he is confuted, nor ingenuous candor to acknowledge the confutation,—a puzzle-pated fellow,—a swaggering polemic,—an illiterate mountebank, acquainted with no language but his own,—a noisy coxcomb,—a bullying champion,—a vain-glorious and empty blusterer,—an infuriate polemic,—the pitiable victim of conceit and ignorance, who fumes and foams in an idle combat with the phantoms of his own disordered imagination,—the most impenetrably stupid and futile braggadocio that ever violated the sacred feeling of self-veneration, and every principle of literary integrity, in undertaking, without candor, without modesty, and without knowledge, to canvass that multifarious and comprehensive topic, the evidences of revelation.

We confess with the greatest regret, that we are not come to the end of the catalogue, which might be made from the epithets in this work given to the author of the *Age of Reason*. Mr. Wakefield seems to be at a loss for terms to express the bitterness of his wrath; and by way of clenching the whole, according to a vulgar expression, he finds out a term of abuse, which will probably excite only the laughter of his antagonist—‘Nincompoop!’ says he, ‘(for insulted truth and violated honour demand thy true appellation with a vehemence bordering on reproach), if thou findest any of thy visionary audacities unnoticed in future, modestly suppose the genuine reason to reside in their futility and nothingness.’ Mr. Wakefield is fond of Latin quotations, and we must give him one from his favourite author :

—fervetur ad imum

Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet—

if you will make use of language, which the custom of good company disallows, keep close to it: do not mar it by some compliments, which destroy entirely the proposed effect of your epithets.—After representing his antagonist as the stupidest of all human beings, our readers will be surprised to find that this mass of every thing contemptible is no fool neither, for such are the words of Mr. Wakefield in one part of his work—‘for he is no fool neither.’ In another place he talks of having paid ‘those acknowledgments of respect to the native talents, the intrepidity and the patriotism of Thomas Paine, which sincerity demanded, and civilised manners dictate.’ Why was there a deviation from this conduct? We cannot take it as a sufficient answer, that, according to Mr. Wakefield, ‘It is now time to adopt the less grateful mode prescribed by the wise king of Israel, that of answering the fool according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own conceit.’

Leaving

Leaving the abuse in this pamphlet, let us now come to the arguments. The cruelties of the Israelites in dispossessing the inhabitants of Canaan of their territory is a grand topic of declamation with Mr. Paine, and indeed with all the despisers of revealed religion. An order to exterminate the inhabitants of a country could not come, they say, from the Creator of the universe. The supposition argues injustice and cruelty in him who is the perfection of justice and mercy. We shall give Mr. Wakefield's answer to this objection in his own words—

‘ Thomas Paine, as various passages evince, professes his belief in an Almighty Creator and Governor of the world. Now upon that system, all the powers and faculties of man are the workmanship of the Divinity, and all the operations of all human agents are at his disposal, and under his controul. As this persuasion seems an immediate and unavoidable deduction from the premises, and must force itself on the simplest understanding, so is it consonant to the sentiment and language of the Jewish prophet, “ I am the Lord, and there is none else : I form the light, and create darkness : I make peace, and create evil ; I the Lord do all these things.” We see accordingly, that similar excesses to those specified in the quotation just adduced, have been committed through every age of the world to our times, which certainly are by no means exempt from the guilt of these enormities. But all this violation of humanity and justice has taken place under the divine administration of the human race. So far then it is undeniable, I think, that deism, judaism, and christianity repose on the same foundation ; and as far as this principle has it's application, natural and revealed religion must stand or fall together. But what will our boisterous and rash adventurer reply to the present argument ? Why, to save himself the trouble of refutation, it's imbecillity or it's force will be made no object of his consideration : he will have recourse to the compendious alternative of *falsehood* ; and tell us gravely, that a *pious priest* is the father of this objection to his charge ; as if the *man* were to be regarded, and not his *reasons* ! Our controversialist has learned a very bad lesson from his enemies in England, against whom I once endeavoured to defend him. They truly thought themselves excused from an attention to his political attacks on the corruptions of their system, because he was once a *stay-maker*. And Thomas Paine, in his turn, we see, is converting all his answerers into *stay-makers* too !

‘ I can descry, however, no security for his creed, from the annoyance of the argument here stated, but in the fortresses of atheism ; where alone it's operations cannot reach him, and in which there is but too much reason to apprehend, that one of his disingenuous and conceited humour will soon entrench himself.

'It was the professed object of the Mosaic institution, to preserve entire and uncorrupted the worship of one God only, in a world over-run with wild idolatry, and infected by most sanguinary and flagitious superstitions, engrafted on that corrupting principle. It is highly probable, from historic testimony, and the condition of other nations, that we are solely indebted at this day for our purer apprehensions of the Supreme Being, to the seasonable and permanent interference of the Mosaic law; a law, which not only prevented the total usurpations of idolatry, by the reserve of an entire and numerous nation from her tyranny, but by the diffusion of it's converting influence through the vast regions of the east, connected with the Jews in their perpetual and extended migrations, partly spontaneous, and partly the result of conquest. Upon this purpose, of which Thomas Paine has not yet demonstrated the inefficacy or the folly, a question will arise, how far the destruction of a small portion of mankind, the inhabitants of a few cities, towns, or villages in Palestine, where these religious impieties were most prevalent, might be calculated to effectuate the dissemination and establishment of this grand truth, respecting the Divinity; and how far such a mean of effecting it be reconcileable to just conceptions of the divine government.

'Now, if we reflect on the power of habit, and the durable consequences of educational profession; and that error, if not completely eradicated in the first instance, will soon shoot up afresh, and spread itself to an unlimited extent from a single fibre; the superior expediency of such a process, for the completion of the end in view, is intuitively manifest: all our difficulty consists in bringing such a discipline into a conformity with the acknowledged attributes of God, and the immutable laws of humanity and justice.

'With relation to the former point, I mean the aspect of this proposition on God himself, it will scarcely be pretended, I suppose, that more cruelty is displayed in cutting off women and children (to put an extreme case) by the summary execution of the sword, than in destroying them, as we see them perpetually destroyed, by earthquakes, pestilences, and inundations; or by the lingering operation of painful diseases and loathsome sores. It is equally the will and dispensation of Omnipotence in either instance; and our acquiescence in the discipline, must proceed upon the same principle in both cases, namely, the inability of an ignorant short-sighted transitory being, to comprehend, from an inspection of a few parts, the multitudinous operations, and the unbounded fabric of the celestial machine. With much more reason might we expect a complete theory of geographical mensuration for the terraqueous globe from the perambulations of a *mile*, or demand from a *gnat* a correct delineation of the cometary system.

'On the other hand, it must be conceded, that this remedy of extirpation was calculated to engender dispositions of ferocity in those

those commissioned with an actual administration of it; but our antipathies may be accommodated to this inferior difficulty, if I mistake not, by various considerations. The Jews, though in numerous particulars of civilization much advanced beyond their neighbours and contemporaries, were little better than barbarians in the days of Joshua. The refining doctrines of their system (for many truths were contained in it) operated but slowly, as was to be expected, on the dull sensations of such a wayward race; and the system itself was in it's design but introductory to another much more perfect, and accordingly, as such, was adapted to the exigencies of a rude tribe in the infancy of it's emergence from barbarity. But the general tendency of such summary discipline on their idolatrous enemies, to render the manners of the executioners malignant and ferocious, could not fail to be materially counteracted by a contemplation of the specific object in view, and would naturally confine their animosities to the subject of idolatry alone. The progress from unrelenting fierceness against idolaters, stained with the blood of human sacrifices, to a general disposition of cruelty to all mankind, might hence be trivial, and almost evanescent; as we may safely pronounce from obvious occurrences in common life. We should pass a very injurious judgment upon the humanity of a surgeon, if we supposed him less susceptible of sympathetic tenderness, or more prone to acts of mutilation, from the indispensable offices of his profession. The grand preservative from depravation in this case is the *salutary* end in view, and the inseparable connection of the temporary sufferings of individuals with general and lasting benefit to the whole community of mankind.

‘ It has always been deemed by me (whether justly, or not, let the reader say) a reasonable postulatam, that some qualifications and softenings in the case of many relations and occurrences in the Bible history may be very properly applied, without any danger to the main fabric of revelation, upon the ground of exaggeration from national vanity, and the pride of individuals. Surely our adversaries, who are studious of representing the Israelites as something less than men, will not deny them the concomitant failings of mortality. We may presume, therefore, upon some enlargement on the part of the narrator in the splendor of their victories, and the number of the slain, and the extent of their desolations. The Jews were, as I have before observed, but a few degrees removed in that age from the manners of barbarians; and we find it a characteristic property of barbarism to delight in war, and blood, and battles; in which respects, my countrymen of Great Britain, with all their religious establishment, and all their civilized arts, are, to the full, as arrant barbarians as the butchering troops of Joshua; and, where he destroyed his hundreds, Britain has slaughtered by slavery, by famine, and by the sword, her thousands, and tens of thousands.

‘ Besides, the Israelites, in consequence of the theocratical polity,

under which we will suppose them to have lived, till our credulity shall be disabused by more able reasoners than *Thomas Paine*, were accustomed in every instance, and on all occasions, to acknowledge the immediate agency of God; and esteemed themselves under the guidance of his arm, through every circumstance of their lives. From this favourite apprehension, too generally extended, and too partially indulged, it is the practice of their historians to speak of every transaction as prescribed by the express injunctions of *Jehovah*; when we are under no necessity, I think, of supposing a specific and actual interference in the case; but may very rationally, and in conformity to the rules of accepted interpretation, have recourse, for a solution, to that predominant and universal persuasion, from their infancy, of the peculiar superintendence of *Jehovah*, not only over the political welfare of their state, but the private concerns of individuals.' p. 5.

Mr. Wakefield does not by any means appear to us to have determined this question. Because God in the course of nature permits people to be destroyed by inundations, earthquakes, pestilence, and similar calamities, it does not follow, that he should, out of the course of nature, encourage men to exercise cruelties upon each other. But we cannot allow the force of the deist's arguments, upon other grounds. God, without doubt, has the right of disposing, in what manner he pleases, of this earth to the sons of men, and if, after the disposition made by him, a generation without any pretensions to a country takes possession of it, there is neither injustice nor cruelty in driving away the usurpers from their ill-acquired property. God gave the land of Canaan to a particular branch of the descendents of Abraham. In proper time these descendents come to take possession of their property. They remain for forty years in the neighbourhood of Canaan; during which period such miraculous instances were given of the interference of God in their concerns, as ought to have convinced the inhabitants of Canaan, that they could not resist his uplifted arm; and it is not improbable that many had prudence enough to escape from their devoted country. Still the Canaanites were resolved to dispute the point: they contended against God; but, so far from suffering the punishment of usurpers, and giving grounds for invectives against the dispensations of Providence, prodigious multitudes escaped; and we fear that there is too much reason to believe, that Great Britain, in the same period of time, has butchered in India, many more thousands than fell by the sword of Joshua. The deists, inveighing against revelation, leave entirely out of the question the right of the Israelites to the land of Canaan, and the resistance made by the Canaanites to the entrance of the
lawful

lawful proprietors. They dwell upon the number of persons slain in battles and sieges: they forget the numbers who were permitted for a long series of years to retain the possession of the property belonging to their neighbours. When the Spaniards exterminated the Moors, without doubt there was cruelty exercised in the course of so long a war; yet justice was on the side of the Spaniards; and if, in recovering property from a highwayman, the felon should be wounded, no one will impute to the law, that it is void of justice,—or to the country, that it is void of humanity.

On the question of the authenticity of the books of scripture, Mr. Wakefield points out a variety of errors in his antagonist, and shews the fallacy of his mode of reasoning from circumstances attending the publications of profane writers. The passage of the sun and moon standing still is very well commented upon;—the ignorance of Mr. Paine on the terms Arc-turus, &c. is pointed out;—the amazing absurdity of the assertion in the Age of Reason, that ‘there was no such book as the New Testament till more than three hundred years after the time that Christ is said to have lived,’ is properly exposed: and upon the whole we may say, that, if Mr. Wakefield had taken longer time for the composition of his work,—had omitted his learned quotations and abusive terms—had reflected more on the class of people whose interest it was necessary upon this occasion to consult,—he would have gained more credit for himself, and have done an essential service to the public.

Nature and Art. In two Volumes. By Mrs. Inchbald. 8vo. 7s. Boards. Robinsons. 1796.

THE talents of Mrs. Inchbald, as a novelist and dramatic writer, are too well known to the world to require any encomium in addition to those they have already received. Success is undoubtedly, in the common concerns of life, but a bad criterion of merit; yet in literature it may be laid down as an axiom, that where a large portion of applause and success attends a writer, there must be something either of the useful or the pleasing to attract public attention.

The present work is entirely of a moral nature; and its tendency appears to be, to render the great less infatuated with their fancied advantages, less anxious in the pursuit of wealth and honours, which produce little solid happiness,—and the poor less disposed to murmur at that humble lot which Providence has assigned them,—since

' In this opulent kingdom, there are near as many persons perishing through intemperance, as starving with hunger—there are as many miserable in the lassitude of having nothing to do, as there are, bowed down to the earth with hard labour—there are more persons who draw upon themselves calamity by following their own will, than there are, who experience it by obeying the will of another. Add to this, the rich fear dying, so much, they have no comfort in living.' Vol. ii. p. 200.

As we wish not to anticipate the interest which will be excited by this performance, we shall only remark of the story, that the moral already mentioned is exemplified in the history of two brothers, who, commencing their career of life under precisely the same circumstances, are thrown into situations diametrically opposite. The pathos is touched by Mrs. Inchbald with a masterly hand; nor is her skill inferior in delicate and pointed sarcasm. The surprise felt by a mind untutored in the modes of fashionable, and the language of common life, is pourtrayed in the following extract—

' Observing his uncle one day offended with his coachman, and hearing him say to him in a very angry tone; "You shall never drive me again"

' The moment the man quitted the room, Henry (with his eyes fixed in the deepest contemplation) repeated five or six times in a half whisper to himself

"You shall never drive me again." "You shall never drive me again."

' The dean at last asked, "what he meant by thus repeating his words?"

"I am trying to find out what *you* meant," said Henry.

"What! do not you know," cried his enlightened cousin, "Richard is turned away?—he is never to get upon our coach-box again, never to drive any of us any more."

"And was it pleasure to drive us, cousin?—I am sure I have often pitied him—it rained sometimes very hard when he was on the box—and sometimes Lady Clementina has kept him a whole hour at the door all in the cold and snow—was that pleasure?"

"No," replied young William.

"Was it honour, cousin?"

"No," exclaimed his cousin with a contemptuous smile.

"Then why did my uncle say to him as a punishment "he should never"—

"Come hither, child," said the dean, "and let me instruct you—your father's negligence has been inexcusable—There are in society" (continued the dean) "rich and poor; the poor are born to serve the rich."

"And what are the rich born for?"

"To

"To be served by the poor."

"But suppose the poor would not serve them?"

"Then they must starve."

"And so poor people are permitted to live, only upon condition that they wait upon the rich?"

"Is that a hard condition? or if it were, they will be rewarded in a better world than this."

"Is there a better world than this?"

"Is it possible you do not know there is?"

"I heard my father once say something about a world to come; but he stopt short, and said I was too young to understand what he meant."

"The world to come," (returned the dean) "is where we shall go after death; and there no distinction will be made between rich and poor—all persons there will be equal."

"Aye, now I see what makes it a better world than this. But cannot this world try to be as good as that?"

"In respect to placing all persons on a level, it is utterly impossible—God has ordained it otherwise."

"How! has God ordained a distinction to be made, and will not make any himself?" Vol. i. p. 76.

The misapplication and misconception of words by this amiable semi-barbarian contain much humour and satire—

'He would call *compliments*, *lies*—*Reserve*, he would call *pride*—*statelyness*, *affectation*—and for the monosyllable *war*, he constantly substituted the word *massacre*.

"Sir," said William, to his father one morning as he entered the room, "do you hear how the cannons are firing, and the bells ringing?"

"Then I dare say," cried Henry, "there has been another massacre."

'The dean called to him in anger. "Will you never learn the right use of words? You mean to say a battle."

"Then what is a massacre?" cried the frightened, but still curious Henry.

"A massacre" replied his uncle, "is when a number of people are slain—"

"I thought," returned Henry, "soldiers had been people!"

"You interrupt me," said the dean, "before I finished my sentence—certainly, both soldiers and sailors are people, but they engage to die by their own free will and consent."

"What! all of them?"

"Most of them."

"But the rest are massacred?"

'The dean answered "The number that go to battle unwillingly,

lingly, and by force, are few; and for the others, they have previously sold their lives to the state."

"For what?"

"For foldiers' and sailors' pay."

"My father used to tell me, we must not take away our own lives; but he forgot to tell me, we might sell them for others to take away."

"William," (said the dean to his son, his patience tired with his nephew's persevering nonsense) "explain to your cousin the difference between a battle and a massacre."

"A massacre," said William, rising from his seat, and fixing his eyes alternately upon his father, his mother, and the bishop (all of whom were present) for their approbation, rather than the person's to whom his instructions were to be addressed—"a massacre," said William, "is when human beings are slain, who have it not in their power to defend themselves."

"Dear cousin William," (said Henry) "that must ever be the case, with every one who is killed."

"After a short hesitation, William replied, "In massacres people are put to death for no crime, but merely because they are objects of suspicion."

"But in battle," said Henry, "the persons put to death, are not even suspected."

"The bishop now condescended to end this disputation by saying emphatically

"Consider, young savage, that in battle neither the infant, the aged, the sick or infirm are involved, but only those in the full prime of health and vigour."

"As this argument came from so great and reverend a man as the bishop, Henry was obliged, by a frown from his uncle, to submit, as one refuted." Vol. i. p. 81.

The story of Hannah Primrose is in the highest degree interesting and affecting. We shall close our extracts from a work which has afforded us uncommon pleasure, by the account of the condemnation to death of this unfortunate female by the very man by whom her honour had been betrayed, and by whom she had been left to infamy and want—to consequent prostitution and theft, the crime for which she was arraigned.

"When, in the morning, she was brought to the bar, and her guilty hand held up before the righteous judgment-seat of William; imagination could not form two figures, or two situations more incompatible with the existence of former familiarity, than the judge and the culprit—and yet, these very persons had passed together the most blissful moments that either ever tasted!—Those hours of tender dalliance were now present to *her* mind—*His* thoughts were more

more nobly employed in his high office—nor could the haggard face, hollow eye, desponding countenance, and meagre person of the poor prisoner, once call to his memory, though her name was uttered among a list of others that she had assumed, his former youthful lovely Hannah!

‘She heard herself arraigned with trembling limbs and down-cast looks—and many witnesses had appeared against her, before she ventured to lift her eyes up to her awful judge.—She then gave one fearful glance, and discovered William, un pitying, but beloved William, in every feature! It was a face she had been used to look on with delight, and a kind of absent smile of gladness, now beamed on her poor wan visage.

‘When every witness on the part of the prosecutor had been examined, the judge addressed himself to her,

“What defence have you to make?”

‘It was William spoke to Hannah!—The sound was sweet—the voice was mild, was soft, compassionate, encouraging!—It almost charmed her to a love of life!—not such a voice as when William last addressed her; when he left her undone and pregnant, vowing “never to see or speak to her more.”

‘She could have hung upon the present words for ever! She did not call to mind that this gentleness was the effect of practice, the art of his occupation: which at times, is but a copy, by the unfeeling, from his benevolent brothers of the bench.—In the present judge, tenderness was not designed for the culprit’s consolation, but for the approbation of the auditors.

‘There were no spectators, Hannah, by your side when last he parted from you—if there had, the awful William had been awed to marks of pity.

‘Stunned with the enchantment of that well-known tongue directed to her, she stood like one just petrified—all vital power was suspended.

‘Again he put the question, and with these additional sentences, tenderly and emphatically delivered——“Recollect yourself—Have you no witnesses? No proof in your behalf?”

‘A dead silence followed these questions.

‘He then mildly, but forcibly, added——“What have you to say?”

‘Here, a flood of tears burst from her eyes, which she fixed earnestly upon him, as if pleading for mercy, while she faintly articulated,

“Nothing, my Lord.”

‘After a short pause, he asked her, in the same forcible but benevolent tone

“Have you no one to speak for your character?”

‘The prisoner answered,

“No.”

‘A second

‘ A second gush of tears followed this reply, for she called to mind by *whom* her character had first been blasted,

‘ He summed up the evidence—and every time he was compelled to press hard upon the proofs against her, she shrunk, and seemed to stagger with the deadly blow—writhed under the weight of *his* minute justice, more than from the prospect of a shameful death.

‘ The jury consulted but a few minutes—the verdict was—
“ Guilty.”

‘ She heard it with composure.

‘ But when William placed the fatal velvet on his head, and rose to pronounce her sentence—she started with a kind of convulsive motion—retreated a step or two back, and lifting up her hands, with a scream exclaimed—

“ Oh ! not from *you* !”

‘ The piercing shriek which accompanied these words, prevented their being heard by part of the audience ; and those who heard them, thought little of their meaning, more, than that they expressed her fear of dying.

‘ Serene, and dignified, as if no such exclamation had been uttered, William delivered the fatal speech, ending with—“ Dead, dead, dead.”

‘ She fainted as he closed the period, and was carried back to prison in a swoon ; while he adjourned the court to go to dinner.’
Vol. ii. p. 138.

The Progress of Civil Society. A Didactic Poem. In Six Books. By Richard Payne Knight. 4to. 10s. 6d. Boards. Nicol. 1796.

IT is with no small satisfaction that we find Mr. Knight, after having tried his strength in vindicating rural nature from the encroachments of art, now exercising his poetical genius in a more arduous labour, and tracing and elucidating the progress of civil society. In a didactic poem of six books, he has unfolded man, gradually emerging from the early period of remote barbarism, to the full attainment of science, and to the enjoyment of modern civilisation ; and though in such a work the loftier flights of fancy must be necessarily restrained by the judgment, yet on this occasion the author has not forfeited his original claim to the inspiration of the Muse ;—and the speculations of the philosopher, and the experience of the statesman, have not unfrequently been recommended and adorned by the vivid colouring of the poet.

In the first book, which delineates man in his rudest state, and deriving his subsistence from HUNTING, Mr. Knight has combined,

combined, with no inconsiderable share of ingenuity and accuracy, the physical principles of moral action, with the affections and operations of the mind. He has traced the influence of instinctive love on the origin of society, and has contrasted the evils and advantages arising from social union with those which man is subject to in a savage life. In this description many of his lines are peculiarly animated; and the expressive features of the portrait, it must be acknowledged, proclaim the hand of a master.

‘ His scanty food the savage earns by force;
By strength in arms, and swiftness in the course;
Whence health and courage his firm sinews brace,
And o’er his limbs diffuse their manly grace:
In virid age he braves the wintry blast,
And feels undamp’d his glowing spirits last,
Till all his faculties their functions close,
And tired nature claims its long repose:—
Then some kind hand its wish’d-for aid employs
To end the life, which he no more enjoys.

‘ Yet oft their mangled limbs the hunters mourn,
By the fell pard, or lurking tiger, torn;
Just left with life and strength enough to fly,
And feel the pangs of lengthen’d misery:—
With doleful cries they rend the desert air,
And howl and yell in anguish and despair:
No nurse’s tenderness or surgeon’s art
Soothes or relieves the agonizing smart;
But, in wild woods and dreary caves, forlorn,
They weep the night, and curse the lingering morn;—
Then turn disgusted from the dawning light,
And sigh again for thick substantial night;
Till to putrescent wounds and wants a prey,
Slowly the nerves grow torpid, and decay;—
Slowly the ebbing tide of life retires,
And the last struggling pang convulsed expires.’ P. 16.

The second book raises man to a state of greater ease and security:—the gentler and more sagacious animals domesticated to his use, he is relieved, by the advantages of PASTURAGE, from the toils of the chase:—in the tedious hours of leisure his mind naturally is elevated by observation to religious contemplation.

‘ Beneath the shady tree or pendent rock,
From day to day, as still he watch’d his flock;
He still beheld the glowing orb of light,
At stated periods, sink in shades of night;—

Again,

Again, at stated periods, saw it rise
 And traverse o'er again the trackless skies;
 Observed the changing moon, with milder ray,
 And healing dew, succeed the scorching day,
 'Midst stars unnumber'd that slow-moving shed
 Their fainter radiance nightly o'er his head;
 And felt the varying seasons of the year
 With gradual pace recede, and re-appear.
 Now soft advancing, in the bloom of spring,
 Around the roseate wreaths of health they fling;
 While pleasures breathing in each genial gale,
 New deck the world, and all their sweets exhale:—
 Then, shrinking slowly from the chilling breeze,
 The falling leaves and wither'd herbs he sees;
 While nature, left all desolate and bare,
 Pines in the rigour of the wintry air:
 With equal force, he finds their influence reign
 O'er all that wing the air, or walk the plain;
 In all alike, sees rising spirits flow,
 As vernal gleams with genial fervours glow;
 And all alike, in drooping sorrow bend,
 When wintry blasts arise, and rains descend.

'This endless chain of being, as he view'd,
 Dissolved in parts, but in the whole renew'd;
 And found the lights of heaven eternal roll,
 Each in its given circle round the pole;
 Amazement all his faculties oppress'd
 And labouring doubt sprung painful in his breast;
 Conjecture on conjecture vainly rose,
 The vast and complex secrets to disclose;
 While fancy strain'd each power to comprehend
 The almighty cause, and undiscover'd end.
 At length, with faint belief, his thoughts assign'd
 The mighty work to some all-ruling mind;
 Whose power unbounded, and supreme control,
 Moved every part, and fix'd the eternal whole.' p. 31.

The third book is marked by the discovery of metals, which, appropriated to the instruments of husbandry, have prompted and facilitated the labours of AGRICULTURE:—thus, a more ample and certain subsistence provided, the faculties of man are left to expand, and to seek pleasure from the cultivation of science. It is in this state of society that Mr. Knight, rejecting the war-songs of the savages, as unworthy of the name of poetry, judiciously supposes that art to have been first inspired by the refinements of love. In tracing the progress of poetry, he is led to consider it in its modern state.—Some advice which

which he offers in a note to the spirited author of the *Baviad*, we sincerely hope will be embraced. His apology for having undertaken a work which Gray abandoned, is delivered with much delicacy; and, but for his own confession, from the extensive knowledge that he displays in various branches of science, we should never have suspected that the earlier part of his education had been neglected. He acknowledges, however, that he soon burst the bonds of mental ignorance.

‘ Yet when exhausted spirits claim’d repose,
Each milder spring of mental vigour rose;
Aspiring pride my soul to science led,
And bade me seek at once its fountain head:—
Its fountain head, whence Grecian genius pours,
O’er the wide earth its everlasting stores;
And, in each deep and lucid current, flows
How fancy, join’d with taste, corrected flows.

‘ There as I heard the mighty Chian’s song,
Roll its vast tides of melody along,
In rapture lost, upon the sounds I hung,
And numbers flow’d spontaneous from my tongue.

‘ Warn’d by the Theban lyric’s glowing heat,
My heart with wilder raptures learn’d to beat;
And, as my spirits kindled with his fire,
My hand unconscious wander’d o’er the lyre;
Striking wild notes, which gradual study taught,
To breathe the sentiment, and waft the thought.’ P. 70.

The fourth book contains the rise of ARTS, MANUFACTURES, AND COMMERCE,—the formation of graduated ranks in society,—the complication of laws, arising from the complication of interests,—and will appear perhaps the most objectionable of any to one class of readers, since, while it asserts the advantages resulting to the community from an implicit belief in a Supreme Being, it warmly and indignantly rejects all religious proscription or persecution.

‘ Is it then thus, presumptuous meddling man,
Thou darest the Almighty’s secret will to scan?
Has God to thee his high behests reveal’d,
Or bid thy arm his bolt of anger wield?
Vain thought!—thy wisdom rather shouldst thou prove,
By equal charity, and general love;
By humble gratitude to bounteous Heaven,
If faith’s more radiant lights to thee are given:
But from those radiant lights, still learn to know,
That fainter gleams, from the same source, may flow;
That weaker minds may want a weaker creed,
As different bodies, different medicines, need;

And that the All-wise, All-potent, and All-good,
 Has that, which suited each, on each bestow'd.
 Had he preferr'd one mode of faith alone,
 The world, he form'd; no other could have known;
 For, subject still in all things to his will,
 His works their author's purpose must fulfil.' p. 94.

The fifth book opens with a description of the influence of CLIMATE and SOIL;—the various sources and effects of colonisation are fully detailed, and happily delineated. The idea that the negro is the original man, since the darkest colour distinguishes the primitive race in all animals, is, we believe, new, and certainly ingenious:—the oppressed and desolated situation of ancient Greece is strongly drawn,—and the address to the empress of Russia, for her deliverance, is truly poetical. The book concludes with an honest resentment at the neglect generally shewn to men of genius,—a neglect which probably hastened the dissolution of Goldsmith,—which clouded the last hours of Johnson,—and extinguished in a moment of fatal despair the genius and life of Chatterton. This warmth of resentment is the more amiable in Mr. Knight, since his situation exempts him from feeling, except by sympathy, those distresses which he so pathetically deplores. The anecdote respecting Johnson, which does such credit to the heart of lord Thurlow, and of which the author, from private information, has insinuated some doubt, we believe to be true:—to forge a letter from Dr. Johnson on the occasion, would have been too bold an attempt even for Mr. Boswell.

In the sixth book, the effects of GOVERNMENT and CONQUEST are illustrated;—the origin of chivalry from the latter, and its use during the feudal system, is depicted;—the state of France, and the misery arising from the revolution to that country, are forcibly represented. The author deprecates the day when Great Britain, from the improvidence and profusion of its rulers, may be exposed to similar calamities. His wish, that before that day he may find refuge in the tomb, is simply and pathetically expressed; and we give it to our readers as the last, though not the least striking, instance of his poetical powers. Speaking of Britain—

O, while she yet eludes that dreadful doom,
 May this frail body sink into the tomb!
 Here, on thy shady banks, pellucid Tean,
 May heaven bestow its last poetic dream,
 Nor let me live, in climes remote to know
 For what fell spoiler thy loved waters flow!
 Here, may these oaks, in life's last glimmer, shed
 Their sober shadows o'er my drooping head;

And

And those fair Dryads, whom I sang to save,
Reward their poet with a peaceful grave!

' Though equal beauties grace At'antic streams,
And waves as clear reflect more genial beams;
Though, deep-embower'd, each limpid current flows,
And richer foliage o'er its margin grows;
Yet, no bright visions to the soul it brings;—
No Muses drink at Apalachian springs;—
No poet's voice, or charm of mimic art
Soothes the tired sense, or captivates the heart:—
All arts are there pursued for gain alone;
And those are arts, the Muses ne'er have known;
Nor can their followers, when in life's decline,
Their pleasing toys, for those wise arts, resign.' P. 152.

We have now presented our readers with the general design of the work;—to this have been added several specimens of the spirited manner in which it has been executed. We recommend the whole of it to their perusal; and though some instances appear of what Mr. Knight confesses, 'that he has not spent so much time in correcting and polishing what he has written as it requires,' yet,

— ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendar maculis.

A Letter from the Right Hon. Edmund Burke to a Noble Lord, on the Attacks made upon him and his Pension, in the House of Lords, by the Duke of Bedford and the Earl of Lauderdale, early in the present Sessions of Parliament. 8vo. 2s. Owen. 1796.

Nil æquale homini fuit illi—
— modo reges atque tetrarchas,
Omnia magna loquens: modo sit mihi mensa tripes, et
Concha salis puri, et toga quæ defendere frigus,
Quamvis crassa, queat—
— nil fuit unquam
Sic impar fibi.

OUR rhetorical Tigellius advances once more upon the stage. On French politics he sings us the same tune as of old; but, alas for English nobility! it meets now with the same treatment which English royalty once experienced from the same hands. The purpose which this pamphlet is to answer, it is difficult to determine; unless we say, that, to depress two of his antagonists, the author was not in the least anxious about any principle advanced in his former works, and
in

in the heat of the charge encounters, with the foremost ranks of Thomas Paine and his adherents, the most powerful troops of his own party.

The duke of Bedford and the earl of Lauderdale, exercising the privilege which is their undoubted right, made some reflections on a considerable pension lately bestowed on the author of the pamphlet before us. This excites against them a philippic, with a degree of asperity indeed on their personal characters, which it is to be hoped neither of them merits,—and so much abuse on one of the ancestors of the former, as we believe would constitute more than sufficient matter for a libel in Westminster Hall. By depressing the ancestor of the duke of Bedford, it is intended obliquely to shew that his grace has but small pretensions to his present income; but how, it may be asked, does this prove that Mr. Burke is justly entitled to his pension? Our author claims it on the score of his services; and these services are enumerated through many a page, in a style which exceeds every thing that we have ever seen, for egotism and vanity.

The pension was gained, we are told, without bargaining, without intriguing, without solicitation. It came at the end of a long life, 'spent with unexampled toil in the service of his country.' His country has witnessed that toil in the establishment act, and throughout the whole of his general conduct from 1780 to 1782, in which period, our author very modestly says, 'I do not say I saved my country, I am sure I did my country important service.' He expatiates then upon his plan of reform,—upon the difference between innovation and reformation; but his modesty does not permit him to rank this as a thing of any great importance. On the contrary, he exclaims, 'Do I justify his majesty's grace on these grounds? I think them the least of my services. The time gave them an occasional value. What I have done in the way of political œconomy, was far from confined to this body of measures. I did not come into parliament to con my lesson. I had earned my pension before I set my foot in St. Stephen's chapel.'

To confirm this modest assertion, he tells us, 'The first session I sat in parliament I found it necessary to analyze the whole commercial, financial, constitutional, and foreign interests of Great Britain and its empire.' This was tolerably hard work we presume, and was very serviceable, we believe, in a certain periodical work; but our author would not claim his pension even upon this ground of meritorious services—No! 'If I were to call (says he) for a reward (which I have never done) it should be for those services in which for fourteen years, without intermission, I
shewed

shewed the utmost industry, and had the least success, I mean in the affairs of India. They are those on which I value myself the most,—most for the importance—most for the labour—most for the judgment,—most for constancy and perseverance in the pursuit.' In this supereminent service, in his estimation, he was backed by the whole power of the house of commons, and assisted by the talents and eloquence of its most distinguished members. If one only of the prosecutors thinks so much of his labours, how much must not the public be indebted to the man, who, after so rigid a prosecution, was declared innocent by the highest tribunal in the country!

We could not think of making our Review the vehicle for illiberal abuse, or we should here introduce the parallel drawn at full length of our author's services and those of the founder of the house of Russel. Nothing is too good for the one, or too base for the other. The intermediate ancestors of the duke of Bedford are overlooked. One would have thought that our author had never read the history of his country, or had forgotten that the name of Russel stands high in the annals of real patriotism. He speaks of them in the most jeering manner:—'It is little to be doubted, that several of his forefathers in that long series have degenerated into honour and virtue.'

From the account of services, the duke is carried to a sermon on the French revolution, and the danger which he runs from his supposed confederates; and to produce a greater effect on his grace's mind, a long story is told of the writer's acquaintance with his cousin, lord Keppel, who is supposed to have been of such a fine frame of nobility, for 'his family was noble and it was Dutch,' that he must have reprobated every thing which favours of the rights of man, and French principles.

Thus we get to the end of the pamphlet, which is not likely to affect the noble personages to whom it is addressed, and contains matter which must be offensive to every one who pays the least regard to hereditary nobility.

The style of Mr. Burke is too well known to the public to require much animadversion. A lively imagination continually overpowering the judgment, produces, amongst innumerable specimens of puerility and bombast, at times the finest display of true and genuine eloquence. In pursuit of a metaphor, he loses sight of all regard to his hearers or readers; it is indifferent to him from what sources it is derived,—from the noblest or the meanest objects in nature. The work before us abounds with this characteristic feature pervading all

his writings. Thus at one time he goes to the fruit-stalls—
 ‘ I never could drive a hard bargain in my life, and least of
 all do I know how to haggle and huckster with merit ;’ at
 another time he is in the slaughter-house, and supposes the
 reformers to talk of his grace of Bedford,—‘ how he cuts up,
 how he tallows in the cawl or upon the kidneys.’

The last metaphor so delights our author, that he must
 pursue it into the kitchen—

‘ Is it not a singular phenomenon, that whilst the Sans culotte
 carcase butchers, and the philosophers of the shambles, are pricking
 their dotted lines upon his hide, and like the print of the poor ox
 that we see in the shop windows at Charing Cross, alive as he is,
 and thinking no harm in the world, he is divided into rumps, and
 sirloins, and briskets, and into all sorts of pieces for roasting, boil-
 ing, and stewing, that all the while they are measuring *him*, his
 grace is measuring *me*; is invidiously comparing the bounty of
 the crown with the deserts of the defender of his order, and in the
 same moment fawning on those who have the knife half out of
 the sheath—poor innocent !

Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,
 And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.’ p. 69.

The cook and the butcher must not from this conceive
 that they have the whole merit of forming our author's taste;—
 some may have been acquired from the cabin-boy of a Green-
 landman. Thus the duke of Bedford is described—

‘ The duke of Bedford is the Leviathan among all the creatures
 of the crown. He tumbles about his unwieldy bulk ; he plays and
 frolics in the ocean of the Royal bounty. Huge as he is, and
 whilst “ he lies floating many a rood,” he is still a creature. His
 ribs, his fins, his whalebone, his blubber, the very spiracles through
 which he spouts a torrent of brine against his origin, and covers me
 all over with the spray,—every thing of him and about him is from
 the throne.’ p. 38.

His grace's ancestor is compared to a less noble animal; he
 is the jackall in waiting for the offal carcase thrown to him
 by the lion.

From Monmouth-street is derived the language on consti-
 tutions—

‘ Abbé Sieyes has whole nests of pigeon-holes full of constitutions
 ready made. ticketed, sorted, and numbered ; suited to every season
 and every fancy ; some with the top of the pattern at the bottom, and
 some with the bottom at the top ; some plain, some flowered ; some
 distinguished for their simplicity ; others for their complexity ; some of
 blood-

blood-colour; some of *boue de Paris*; some with directories, others without a direction; some with councils of elders, and councils of youngsters; some without any council at all. Some where the electors choose the representatives; others, where the representatives choose the electors. Some in long coats, and some in short cloaks; some with pantaloons; some without breeches. Some with five shilling qualifications; some totally unqualified. So that no constitution-fancier may go unsuited from his shop, provided he loves a pattern of pillage, oppression, arbitrary imprisonment, confiscation, exile, revolutionary judgment, and legalised premeditated murder, in any shapes into which they can be put.' P. 63.

But our writer is particularly fond of chemistry, and attended, probably, very lately Mr. Walker's lectures. Hence we learn, that 'the geometricians and the chemists bring, the one from the dry bones of their diagrams, and the other from the foot of their furnaces, dispositions that make them worse than indifferent about those feelings and habitudes which are the supports of the moral world.' Again, 'these philosophers consider men in their experiments no more than they do mice in an air-pump, or in a recipient of mephitic gas.' Again, 'they have calculated what quantity of matter, convertible into nitre, is to be found in Bedford-house, in Woburn-abbey, and in what his grace and his trustees have still suffered to stand of that foolish royalist Inigo Jones, in Covent-garden. Churches, playhouses, coffee-houses, all alike are destined to be mingled and equalized, and blended into one common rubbish, and well sifted and lixiviated to chrystal-life into true democratic explosive insurrectionary nitre.'

From one place it is clear that our author has not forgotten the rudiments of his education in the writing-school. 'I have no doubt, says he, of his grace's readiness in all the calculations of vulgar arithmetic; but I shrewdly suspect that he is very little studied in the theory of moral proportions, and has never learned the rule of three in the arithmetic of policy and state.' The art of navigation he learned, probably, on his voyage to the whale-fishery:—hence he says, 'I heaved the lead every inch of way I made.' In his journeys to Beaconsfield, the turnpikes supply him with images—'At every step of my progress in life (for in every step was I traversed and opposed) and at every turnpike I met, I was obliged to shew my passport again and again, to prove my sole title to the honour of being useful to my country, by a proof that I was not wholly unacquainted with its laws, and the whole system of its interests both abroad and at home.'

Upon the French revolution we of course expect our author

thor to run wild, and must not be surpris'd if he should dwell upon the filthiest images he could convert to his purpose from one of the purest and most elegant poets of antiquity. The consequences of the French revolution, we are told, are before us —

‘ Not in remote history ; not in future prognostication : they are about us ; they are upon us. They shake the public security ; they menace private enjoyment. They dwarf the growth of the young ; they break the quiet of the old. If we travel, they stop our way. They infest us in town ; they pursue us to the country. Our business is interrupted ; our repose is troubled ; our pleasures are sadden'd ; our very studies are poisoned and perverted, and knowledge is rendered worse than ignorance, by the enormous evils of this dreadful innovation. The revolution harpies of France, sprung from night and hell, or from that chaotick anarchy, which generates equivocally “ all monstrous, all prodigious things,” cuckoo-like, adulterously lay their eggs, and brood over, and hatch them in the nest of every neighbouring state. These obscene harpies, who deck themselves, in I know not what divine attributes, but who in reality are foul and ravenous birds of prey (both mothers and daughters) flutter over our heads, and fouse down upon our tables, and leave nothing unrent, unrifled, unravaged, or unpolluted with the slime of their filthy offal.’ p. 20.

We must transcribe almost every page in the book if we pretended to give every instance of low and ill-assorted images. Let it suffice that for these supposed beauties of his composition he ransacks the shambles,—the kitchens,—the laboratory,—the smitheries,—the menageries,—the tombs,—the day-schools,—the roads,—the stalls,—the weigh-houses ;—every thing, in short, above ground and under ground, dances before him in all the mazes of metaphorical confusion.

From a writer who deals so much in metaphorical language, and loves to shew his skill in the assortment of images drawn from art rather than nature, much exactness in other things is not to be expected ; and we need not be surpris'd if he should not let slip any opportunity of shewing his skill in the few languages with which he is acquainted. Indeed, with all the aversion that Mr. Burke testifies against the French, it is remarkable that his style is evidently borrowed from those writers who are supposed to be the authors of the revolution, rather than from the purer models of antiquity. Many of the latter, without doubt, he has read ; the former he seems to have studied with attention. The French use the phrase *sur le pavé*, which implies *inferiority* ; and a very good reason may be given for it ; but what Englishman will understand Mr.

Burke's

Burke's meaning, when he says, 'There they are on the pavement?' Every man accustomed to London knows that the pavement is free to all, and is used by all; and that nothing can be determined from the expression—the duke of Bedford and the earl of Lauderdale were on the pavement in Palace-Yard,—because it is no uncommon thing to pass dukes and lords upon the pavement in all parts of the town. Under the ancient government of France, dukes and marquises were not to be seen on the pavement; and their carriages too frequently taught the unfortunate passenger the meaning of the word *pavement*..

The term *minor capitis* has a strong meaning in the Latin language; but we much doubt the propriety of Mr. Burke's expression, that a man may become short by his knees. To make war or peace with regicides, is intelligible to every one; but Mr. Burke assumes not the glory of making war with regicides; and he assures us, that he will never be 'the author of a peace with regicide.' But let us not be too exact in the minutiae of expression,—let us attend our writer on greater subjects.

Having some recollection of his speeches on the regency bill, and the American war, we were pleased at the loyalty of many expressions which this pension has excited. He, who once could himself interfere with royal dispensations, now, 'since the fairness of his intentions has obtained the acceptance of his sovereign,' cannot 'permit a dispute on the rate at which the authority appointed by our constitution to estimate such things has been pleased to set them.' In celebrating his own praises, our author does not now forget those of his sovereign—'My merits were under a benevolent prince in promoting the commerce, manufactures, and agriculture of his kingdom, in which his majesty shews an eminent example, who even in his amusements is a patriot, and, in hours of leisure, an improver of his native soil.'

Extraordinary as is the virulence of abuse against the duke of Bedford, he may perhaps live to have his praises celebrated by a change of style. Now Mr. Burke will not speak disrespectfully of Lord North; and the following description of him may be contrasted with former declamations—'He was a man of admirable parts; of general knowledge; of a versatile understanding fitted for every sort of business; of infinite wit and pleasantry; of a delightful temper; and with a mind most perfectly disinterested. But it would be only to degrade myself by a weak adulation, and not to honour the memory of a great man, to deny that he wanted something of the vigilance, and spirit of command, that the time required.'

Peace be to the manes of Lord North! and the noble antagonists of our author will soothe themselves with the hope that either a little of the incense of flattery on their parts, or at least their deaths, will ensure to them a few periods of commendation. Lord Grenville has already received it, and our writer's gratitude for the slightest favour is not ill expressed—

‘Some, perhaps, may think them executors in their own wrong: I at least have nothing to complain of. They have gone beyond the demands of justice. They have been (a little perhaps beyond their intention) favourable to me. They have been the means of bringing out, by their invectives, the handsome things which Lord Grenville has had the goodness and condescension to say in my behalf. Retired as I am from the world, and from all its affairs and all its pleasures, I confess it does kindle, in my nearly extinguished feelings, a very vivid satisfaction to be so attacked and so commended. It is soothing to my wounded mind, to be commended by an able, vigorous, and well informed statesman, and at the very moment when he stands forth with a manliness and resolution, worthy of himself and of his cause, for the preservation of the person and government of our sovereign, and therein for the security of the laws, the liberties, the morals, and the lives of his people. To be in any fair way connected with such things, is indeed a distinction. No philosophy can make me above it: no melancholy can depress me so low, as to make me wholly insensible to such an honour.’ P. 2.

Thus, for examining into Mr. Burke's merits, two of the ancient nobility, and in them nobility itself, are exposed to greater insult and contempt than they could have experienced from any of the disciples of Thomas Paine; and for celebrating the praises of Mr. Burke, a new man is extolled to the skies. Had the case been reversed, ancient nobility would have flourished in its usual honours, and a new peerage have been devoted to contempt. On this subject many melancholy reflections crowd around us: but instead of giving way to them, we rise from the perusal of the pamphlet, in full hopes that it may be serviceable in the republic of letters, and beneficial to our country. In both it will serve as a beacon. In the former, it will shew to the youthful mind the danger of giving full scope to the wildness of imagination. We were on the point of being carried away by an affectation of style, by turgid periods, and far-fetched metaphors. Clearness and plainness were vulgar qualities;—our appetites began to reject every thing which was not seasoned with the hottest spices. Our writers, from the ridicule which the metaphorical language in this pamphlet will receive in all companies, will now learn to exercise their judgment,—they will not disdain to correct the
first

first fallies of their genius, from seeing the abyfs into which an eminent writer has fallen,—they will be upon their guard againſt that vitiated taſte which marked the decline both of the empire and the learning of Rome,—and by both avoiding this ſpurious eloquence, and conſulting the chaſter models of ancient and modern literature, preſerve the language of their country from the dangers which threaten its very exiſtence.

In the houſe of commons it has not been unuſual of late years to diſturb the debate, or divert the houſe, with encomiums or cenſures on public characters. According to the party of the ſpeaker, the ſubject was a god or a dæmon. Let the members read only Mr. Burke's writings, and they muſt be cured of this childiſh oſtentation. They will ſee how differently the ſame ſubject appears to the ſame perſon in a courſe of years; and, being unwilling to leave ſuch marks of contradiction in their recorded ſpeeches, they will learn to be cautious in ſpeaking of the living and the dead,—they will have ſome regard to moderation in their praiſes and their cenſures

But above all, the country at large, may derive conſiderable benefit from this publication. The French revolution has made us a divided nation. Not to agree with the reveries of Edmund Burke or Thomas Paine, inſured to a man of plain ſenſe the epithets of *aristocrate*, or *democrate* and *jacobin*. The lines of our poet will now be attended to—

Great wits to madneſs nearly are allied,
And thin partitions do their realms divide.

The two antagoniſts, Burke and Paine, ſet off in contrary directions at ſuch a prodigious rate, that another meeting ſeemed impoſſible; but they have once been friends, and now, notwithſtanding ſome hard words, they are daily approaching to each other. With leſs reaſon for mutual animoſity, the oppoſite parties in the nation may do the ſame; they may ceaſe to reproach each other with principles which neither party poſſeſſes: having ſeen the folly into which extravagance on either ſide will carry a man, they will learn a little candour; they will no longer confine all moral worth and talents to their own party; they will not perſecute their neighbours for difference of opinion; nor if they think it proper to call their opponents to account for any raſh expreſſions, will they juſtify in one of their own party the utmoſt virulence of language, and contempt of all order, juſtice, and decorum.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

POLITICAL AND HISTORICAL.

A Reply to the Letter of Edmund Burke, Esq. to a noble Lord. By Gilbert Wakefield, B. A. late Fellow of Jesus-College, Cambridge. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Kearsley. 1796.

MR. Wakefield accuses, and probably with some degree of justice, our young men of family and fortune, for their forgetfulness of the sublime doctrines of liberty which they imbibed in their schools and universities, from the purest sources of antiquity. But may we not recall to his own mind some of the precepts on writing, which he probably takes delight in repeating from his favourite classical authors, and yet as strangely sometimes forgets, as our young men their lessons from Lucan and Demosthenes? He read the letter of Mr. Burke on the 26th of February, and, *stans pede in uno*, writes off an answer at his desk, which was finished on the 28th. Surely, if the Horatian precept, for a nine years' delay, will not suit the circumstances of a pamphlet, Mr. Burke's publication, if entitled to the encomiums bestowed on it in this answer, deserved at least a nine days' meditation; or, as Mr. Burke, we have no doubt, consumed not a little of the midnight oil in arranging, *en masse*, his extravagancies, a little of the midnight oil would not have been misapplied by our present author, in the correction and polish of his own composition.

In the desultory remarks of a scholar, however, like Mr. Wakefield, we may expect the coruscations, as he would call them, of genius: and there is one image in the work before us, which we do not scruple to prefer to all the dazzling metaphors in the celebrated letter to which this is an answer. Speaking of the French revolution, and the changes likely to be produced in the new republic, Mr. Wakefield launches forth into this sublime imagery—

‘ I see that vast, formidable empire, descending, like the Nile, from the mountains of Æthiopia, circling with it's liquid arms the gay fabrics and the spacious deserts of monarchy, aristocracy, and ecclesiastical usurpation. I see that deluge of mighty waters gradually subside into their wonted channel: I see them flow with a majestic tranquillity to the ocean, and all the traces of their former ravages obliterated by one extensive and expanding Paradise of verdure, fertility, and beauty.’ P. 31.

Mr. Burke's ridiculous censure against the French, for melting leaden coffins into bullets, is answered, as it deserves, by a good story—

‘ At

' At Shelford, near Nottingham, is the burial vault of the earls of Chesterfield. Some years ago, the sexton of that church, who was a tailor by trade, violated "the sanctuary of the tomb," by *cabbing* slices of red velvet from the coffins of the noble sleepers, and selling them for *coat-collars* to his customers. The whole parish was surprised at the quantity of red capes flaunting through the village, and illuminating the country round. At length the vicar, a sagacious and pious man! traced the cause of these flaming exhibitions; and wrote in terms of the most piteous horror and lamentation, to the late earl upon the subject of such terrific and unhallowed depredation. The witty nobleman administered ghostly comfort to his vicar; exhorted him to moderate the excesses of his sorrow; and to join rather with himself in admiring and commending the provident ingenuity of the tailor, for bringing into light and employing usefully what himself and his ancestors had consigned to eternal darkness and decay.' P. 22.

We have given our opinion very freely of Mr. Burke's publication; and we shall, for the sake of impartiality, contrast it with the sentiments of his different antagonists. Speaking of the passage, in which the leaden coffins are brought in to heighten the picture, Mr. Wakefield calls it, 'one of the sublimest invectives that was ever poured forth by the phrenzy of irritated genius from the fount of eloquence. Oh! that such splendid diction, such profusion of living imagery, such vigour of conception, such fertility of fancy, such magnificence of composition,

"Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,"

were mantled in the sacred habiliments of truth!" P. 18.

We agree entirely with Mr. Wakefield, in the use of the word *phrenzy*.—In another place, Mr. Wakefield says—

'The entire composition rolls forward in a flood of fire, deep, flaming, and impetuous; involving every object within the vast embrace of its expansion in one general conflagration. On the French revolution in particular, which lays every energy of his writhing spirit on the rack of agony, his exertions are in a style of terrible sublimity, that thrills to the very marrow of the soul with a pleasing horror: a sublimity, in my estimation, without a parallel in the repositories of mortal eloquence.' P. 34.

To the above passage he adds this note, with the greater part of which we coincide in opinion—

'My commendations here, and elsewhere, must be understood to respect the *general spirit* of the sentiments, and the *absolute* vigour and richness of expression; not the *collocation* of the words, or the arrangement of the clauses. For in these respects there are many unchastised improprieties of grammar and construction; there

is

is much slovenliness and frequent ambiguity; the result, perhaps, of haste and negligence. In these particulars, Mr. Burke can support no competition with the best writers of antiquity.' p. 35.

It is a curious phænomenon, and the solution of it we leave to our readers, that Mr. Burke should be so much extolled for his eloquence, and yet Mr. Wakefield should, and with reason on his side, ask—

'Who reads Burke? Who ever has read him through? His mighty quartos, replete as they are with all the illuminations of philosophic truth, with all the enchanting extravagances of the brightest fancy, with the spangles of metaphor, the coruscations of wit, and the blaze of eloquence; these quartos, I say, with their inexhaustible stores of instruction, delight, and rapture, lie neglected on the shelf, an incumbrance to the venders, the receptacle of cobwebs, and the feast of worms.' p. 5.

Mr. Wakefield's political opinions are delivered with great freedom: he tells us, that he has 'exulted in the successes of the French, and the disgrace of their insolent and odious foes, with a keenness of transport not to be described.' He is prepared also 'to hail the triumphant entry of a republican representative.' Of course, Mr. Burke's abuse of the French will meet with encomiums in their favor. Impartial posterity will judge between the rival politicians.

We have said that Mr. Wakefield has written in haste; we may add too, that he does not write for the people; for every page almost has a quotation from the Greek or Latin, and every period a hard word to impede the progress of the mere English reader. If he had taken time, there would have been fewer quotations. Mr. Burke's imagination, and Mr. Wakefield's learning, are the two hobby-horses which run away with them both. The one cannot suffer a metaphor, nor the other a quotation, to escape him. Homer and Virgil (because two verses of no great consequence ran in our author's head at the time) would, 'if the resuscitation of one man were as easy to him, as the transportation of myriads in Charon's wherry over that irremediable stream, is to certain ministers,' have been called up to go to Mr. Burke,—to say, what? Why, the one would have said, 'O son of Atreus, you talk strange language;' and the other, 'O Corydon, Corydon, you are half mad.' The fathers of poetry would not have been pleased with this message.

But, notwithstanding the hard words, and superabundance of quotations, the work has more merit than could have been expected from the shortness of the time in which it was finished; and the remarks on the unphilosophical disposition of Mr. Burke, in requiring so great a reward for his labours, deserve the attention of the scholar and the philosopher.

A. Letter

A Letter to Henry Duncombe, Esq. Member for the County of York, on the subject of the very extraordinary Pamphlet, lately addressed by Mr. Burke, to a Noble Lord. By William Miles. 8vo. 2s. Debrett. 1796.

‘Diamond cuts diamond;’ or according to another proverb, ‘he gives him as good as he brings.’ In egotism, Mr. Burke will here find an equal,—in scurrility, an inferior. The minds of both seem equally on the stretch to vary their diction, and to remove, as far as possible, from that simplicity and elegance of expression which delight us in the writings of Addison, Middleton, and Hume. Not so coarse in his metaphors as Mr. Burke, Mr. Miles is, however, not content with a general representation; but, like his antagonist, pursues them through every turn. If Mr. Miles does not rise so high in sublimity or bombast, neither does he sink so low into the bathos and puerility. In short, they are well matched as writers; and we are sorry to observe, that there is too near a resemblance, apparently, in the moral turn of their minds. Mr. Burke would have commended the queen of France for suicide, Mr. Miles distinguishes the action of a vile assassin, by the epithet of ‘the virtuous enthusiasm of a female.’ Mr. Burke denounces eternal war against regicide, from a principle, without doubt; he would say, of duty: and Mr. Miles says,—as an enemy to liberty and my country, Mr. Burke ‘is my FOE, and, as such, I will pursue him from a principle of duty, whatever consequences may ultimately result to my person, or my fortune.’

According to Mr. Miles’s account, the mind of Mr. Burke is ‘debased, crippled, and ulcerated, even to a gangrene, by the consciousness of versatile guilt,’ but ‘wonderfully well gifted with eloquence;’ and hence it is not indeed surprising, that he should have pursued the governor-general of India, ‘with all the savage ferocity of canine madness,’ or that the gangrene should have followed the inconsistency of a character thus described—

‘No man that has acted a part in the great drama of public life has demonstrated more strongly than Mr. Burke—

“That men’s faces are often vizards to their hearts!”

and when the mask yields profit as well as sport, no man enjoys the carnival with greater glee, whether it is held at Venice or in Westminster Hall, at Beaconsfield, or at the Treasury. Hence we may account for his being a Deist in 1756, a Whig bordering upon Jacobinism in 1770—a confirmed republican in 1789—*whip presto*, a furious royalist in 1790—and in 1796 a no less furious Jacobin.—Sir, all these transmigrations would have been laughable, but for the mischiefs and misfortunes that have resulted from them.’ P. 16.

Mr. Burke’s rank and sulphurous disposition to mischief, is, we are told in another place, which we select as a specimen of our author’s style—

‘Likely

‘Likely to blaze, even to the last glimmering of his expiring lamp. Has he not already done this country sufficient wrong, that he comes tottering back from the bleak confines of the sepulchre, with fury in his haggard countenance, to ensure the ruin that he has left unfinished, and blast us with the contagion of his poison? Is he not yet fatiated, has his capacious stomach still room for more, that he comes furcharged with bile, even from the extreme verge of eternity, struggling with destiny, that calls him from the *pleasures and affairs of this world* to sorrow and repentance, but calls in vain? Can neither age nor misfortune, infirmity nor public execration, restrain this curse and mischief on the land, this fiend and lunatic, within his cell? Is the family of Monroe, or his successors, no more? Has this man no kind friend, or faithful domestic, of sufficient piety or courage to bind him in a strait waistcoat, and make him harmless against his very nature? Sir, his very mind is out of joint, and he would render the times so if he could, that he might enjoy the mad banquet in its wildest perfection. This man, this strange, this inexplicable compound of all that is captivating in genius, fluctuating in opinion, and morose, frantic, and ungovernable in temper; in whom the natural good qualities of the heart appear to have played the wanton with the very worst qualities of the mind, and to have abandoned themselves to all the irregular excesses of the most depraved prostitution—This being, unassimilated to every thing that has hitherto occurred in the variegated history of plants, animals, or fossils, and who has been, even to this late period of his existence, the friend and foe alternately of every man with whom he has acted in public life, disdains the petty retail infamy of setting individuals at variance, and dissolving, by force of cunning, old and long established friendships. He has commenced, on the strength and abundant resources of his own richly productive mint of mind and contrivance, a wholesale dealer in wrong, and striking boldly at title deeds of every description, throughout this wide extended empire, tells alike the necessitous and unprincipled, suffering at this alarming moment under the double pressure of war and famine, that in the vast property and landed estates of the British nobility, a remedy may be found, for all the multiplied evils annexed to poverty, and a contempt of moral rectitude.’ p. 26.

‘It is full time (we are told again) that this man should be muzzled and hand-cuffed, or his wild sallies may endanger the state, and realise the fable of Sampson and the Philistines.’ Some of our readers will perhaps observe here, that if both the writers were hand-cuffed together, a pretty specimen of modern manners might be derived from their mutual upbraidings—

—— Rupili et Persi par pugnat, uti non
Compositi melius cum Bitho Bacchius.

To omit therefore any farther specimens of foul language which afford a good subject for any of our poetical satyrists who have time to imitate Horace's description of two similar antagonists, we shall just take notice of some places which are intended to give information to the public. Mr. Burke calls himself a desolate old man; and this desolate old man, inured to literature and philosophy, retires to his little farm with the following pensions:

		£.
‘ A pension for his own life and that of Mrs. Burke,	}	
		1200
on the civil list		
A pension for three lives out of the $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cents. fund		1340
Another pension for three lives out of the $4\frac{1}{2}$ per	}	
		1160
cents. for		
		<hr/>
		£ 3700

The two latter pensions this philosopher has sold, we are informed, ‘ for thirty-seven thousand pounds, after having taken care to receive what was due on them.’ Our readers will be struck at these symptoms of desolation in the old man; and, if the following extract is true, their surprise must be converted into indignation. For, ‘ when this desolate old man says he has taken his leave of London for ever; that he is in sorrow and obscurity, retired and dead to the affairs and pleasures of this world,’ at the very instant ‘ that he is gratifying his natural malignity of temper, and giving audience to printer’s devils in Harley street, what else can we think of him, but that he is an impostor, unworthy of the alms he has obtained, and of the compassion he implores?’

Copies of the records of grants to the Bedford and Portland families are given in the Appendix, on which we shall observe only that little information can be derived from them in their present state; for no comparison can be instituted on their absolute or comparative worth, unless the number of acres, and value of land at the different times, were inserted. On the merits, too, of the ancestors of the heads of the Russels and the Bentincks, it is now too late to determine.

Some pages are dedicated to extracts from the writings and speeches of Mr. Burke, under the title of ‘ Burke *versus* Burke;’ and the question put, though in strong language, on the comparison of the different sentiments conveyed in them, certainly should be received with attention—‘ Is it not the very extreme of impudent, unblushing, and unfeeling arrogance, for this man to come forward to instruct us in lessons of loyalty, morality, and religion?’

We have said that Mr. Miles does not sink so low, in general, into the puerile, as Mr. Burke: but we must do justice to both parties, by giving one or two specimens of the former’s ‘ alacrity in sinking’—

‘ It is impossible that any man of a correct taste can approve of the language ; there is nothing of that strong and splendid radiance which was once wont to vivify, charm, and illumine us,—a feeble ray, feebly emitted—the last sad effort of expiring genius now and then darts forth and shews us what has been, by what is, not !—a mere momentary blaze, like a candle burnt down to the socket, and like the candle’s dying flame, becomes fainter and fainter at every ineffectual struggle to live a little longer ! I am afraid, sir, that the simile will hold good to the last, for I already scent the offensive wick.’ P. 50.

‘ Under these various aspects, some of them pleasing, others offensive, and all of them instructive, either negatively or positively, Mr. Burke has appeared to us at different periods of his life, exciting the contradictory sensations of esteem, admiration, horror, and disgust : In a word, my dear sir, he has travelled through the twelve signs of the zodiac, and returned to the point from whence he departed, remains fixt to a certainty in scorpion.’ P. 32.

On the whole, we may observe of this pamphlet, that there is too much said about Mr. Burke’s religion,—too much about Mr. Burke’s morals,—and too much about Mr. Miles himself. The two heroes have undoubtedly their respective advocates ; and if Mr. Burke will indulge in personalities, he must expect from his antagonists the retort courteous ; but both parties assume to themselves rather more consequence than either has a right to expect from his political or literary qualifications.

A Letter to Mr. Miles : occasioned by his late scurrilous Attack on Mr. Burke, conveyed to the Public through the Medium of a Letter to Henry Duncombe, Esq. M. P. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Owen. 1796.

Possessing all the demerits of the letters of Mr. Burke and Mr. Miles, without any of their merits,—in scurrility it unites the powers of both those writers. We are sick of reading this trash. The writer asks, why Mr. Burke is become the object of unlimited, endless obloquy ? and, without doubt, he is right in supposing that there is an adequate cause for this effect. As standers by, we can answer this question, by observing, that no man, probably, in this country, has pursued with such virulence of language so great a number of persons, conceived by him (whether rightly or not, it is not our business to determine) to be objects of just indignation ; and consequently it is not to be wondered at, that he should meet with men to retort back the same language on himself. The poissardes at Paris and Billingsgate do not cry out for the compassion of their audience, because they are treated in their turns, each with the epithets she bestowed on her neighbours.

Three

Three Letters to the Right Hon. Edmund Burke, on the State of Public Affairs; and particularly on the late outrageous Attacks on his Pension. By an Old Whig. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Robinsons. 1796.

Mr. Burke will find, we apprehend, but very little cause of triumph or satisfaction in the controversy which he has excited. If his other antagonists have brought forward a variety of unpleasant facts, it must greatly mortify his literary pride to find an opponent, in the present writer, who completely foils him at his favourite weapon, sarcasm. Almost every sentence, indeed, in these letters, is a point; and, if we have any fault to find with them, it is, that the author appears rather-too fond of ridicule and irony.

These letters embrace a wide scope of argument on the most interesting political topics, and contain many new and forcible observations on the state of parties,—on the lavish expenditure of the public money,—on the conduct of ministers,—and particularly on the war. The principles of the author are perfectly in accord with his signature; they are those of an Old Whig. He is an avowed and strenuous friend to the monarchical and aristocratical parts of our constitution; but deprecates, in strong terms, the increased influence of the crown, and the pernicious preponderancy of a *monied aristocracy*, which, he complains, has almost annihilated the power and respect of the ancient nobility.

The author rallies Mr. Burke very happily on his new theory of moral arithmetic, and upon the account contained in his celebrated pamphlet (which our author terms, ‘the Confessions of E. Burke’) of his famous Reform Bill—

‘Though you have been thus industrious to exhibit yourself to the public in the character of a bottle conjurer—as the Katterfelto of the House of Commons, I, sir, am more willing to do you justice, than you are yourself. I believe you were, at one period at least, in earnest in your projects of reform, because it suited your purpose, and because you acted in concert with honourable and honest men, the Rockinghams and the Savilles. You must remember that you lamented in the strongest terms, that you were *not able* to effect more in the cause of reform. You now take advantage of this circumstance, and make a merit of your impotence. You know the *stuff* (to speak in your own language) of which the men with whom you now act, are made; you know they are shallow, though cunning. *They*, I believe, are the dupes, and not the public. Because you were not *able*, you persuade them that you were not *willing* to do more. If, therefore, you can make them believe that you were *false* and insincere in your former professions, I dare say it will enhance your merit with them. That you are *now* an apostate is certainly no mean recommendation; if you can persuade them that you were *always* a hypocrite, it will doubtless double, at least, your value in the eyes of Mr. Pitt and Lord Grenville, who seem

to adopt pretty much the same rules of "moral proportion" with yourself." P. 19.

Our author betrays (in our opinion) some partiality to the cause of Mr. Hastings; and he certainly places the *services* of Mr. Burke, in this respect, in a very ludicrous point of view. He concludes—

‘ Our *liberal* administration, however, who concurred with you in urging the prosecution, have seen their error, and have, I understand, voted Mr. Hastings a compensation for his sufferings.—Let it be recorded among the ever memorable curiosities of the eighteenth century, among the wonders of a wonder-working minister—“ Mr. Burke was pensioned for prosecuting Mr. Hastings; and Mr. Hastings for having been prosecuted !” P. 22.

In the following paragraph, if we are not mistaken, something more is meant than meets the ear.—We recollect that some years ago a subject of this kind was canvassed at the literary club, and an epigram was written on the occasion by a celebrated wit, which we should be happy to see in print.

‘ Of your services to Ireland I will candidly confess my inability to decide. I want documents and proof to enable me to speak positively either to the affirmative or the negative of the question—You say, “ My endeavour was to obtain liberty for the municipal country in which I was born, and for all descriptions and denominations in it”—If I may speak my sentiments freely, and I speak them subject to your correction, it is my opinion, that whatever Ireland has obtained, was obtained, not by your endeavours, but by her own energy, sense, and spirit. Your endeavours, I suspect, were confined to your *good wishes*, and even those wishes were restricted to a particular description of men—Yet I rejoice in the emancipation of Ireland (as far as it has been effected) from civil and religious oppression; and if you have had any share in these reforms, as soon as you can *prove* your merits, I will give you full credit for them, whatever might be the religious prejudices under which you acted. The laws against the catholics in Ireland were a system of robbery, a standing libel on every principle of justice. Like some of the cruel regulations of Sparta, they seemed, as if they had been enacted to encourage chicanery, and to hold out a public recompence for fraud. I have heard narratives of their effects, disgusting to every natural feeling and sympathy of man—Narratives (*fabulous* perhaps) but the bare possibility of which is shocking to humanity, and disgraceful to legislation. I have heard of trusts executed under the most sacred oaths and engagements, which have been converted, by the perversion of law, into instruments to defraud the orphan and the widow. I have heard of estates committed in confidence and friendship to the tutelage of others; and I have heard of their being wrested from their lawful
possessors

possessors by the operation of these odious statutes; and even vesting in the families of those who committed the first violation of a sacred trust. I should hope that these random reports are only the *fiction*s of catholics, to shew in more glaring colours the legal slavery under which they were reduced; but still they were *possible*, while the statutes in question existed; and though I am no admirer of the popish superstitions, yet I sincerely, for the sake of justice, rejoice with you, that these oppressive statutes exist no more.' P. 23.

The strongest part of this pamphlet, however, are the reflections on the war. The temperate and candid strictures upon the French revolution are also deserving the attention of men of all parties; but for these we must refer to the pamphlet itself. The author promises to notice Mr. Burke's *Regicide Peace*, should that much-expected pamphlet ever appear.—The probability of again meeting, in the field of controversy, so formidable an opponent, will not, we apprehend, be among the motives which will induce Mr. Burke to hasten the publication.

Junius's Political Axioms, addressed to Twelve Millions of People, in Great Britain and Ireland. 8vo. 1s. Griffiths. 1795.

An illustration of the art of pamphlet-making. The maker, distrusting, perhaps not without cause, his own abilities, has here collected together such passages of the celebrated *Letters of Junius*, as, by a trifling alteration, or without any alteration, are applicable to the conduct of the ministers of the present day. The application, however, is not always very close, nor will the merit of Junius's talents derive additional respect from the selection.

A short Address to the Public on the Monopoly of small Farms, a great cause of the present Scarcity and Dearness of Provisions: with the Plan of an Institution to remedy the Evil; and for the Purpose of increasing small Farms throughout the Kingdom. By Thomas Wright, of Mark-Lane. 8vo. 6d. Richardson. 1795.

The monopoly of farms has been long and justly a theme of complaint among those who consider the encouragement of agricultural industry, and the cheapness of the necessaries of life, as objects of importance to the community.—These topics are ably discussed by Mr. Wright, who concludes his address with a plan for increasing the number of small farms by a subscription fund, to be applied for the purchase of large estates, which are to be divided, and then sold, or let on lease, according to circumstances. We heartily wish success to the trial of this philanthropic experiment.

CRIT. REV. VOL. XVI. March, 1796. B b POETI-

P O E T I C A L.

*Elegiac Stanzas, written during Sickness at Bath, December, 1793.
By the Rev. W. L. Bowles, A. M. 4tc. 1s. Dilly. 1796.*

The circumstances of sickness and depression, under which these stanzas appear to have been written, cannot but interest the reader for their author, whose elegant mind and harmonious versification are well known to the readers of poetry. They are plaintive, simple, and affecting; and if here and there a neglected line appears, it only bears testimony to the truth of the situation. We shall quote a few stanzas—

‘ When I lye musing on my bed alone,
And listen to the wintry waterfall ;
And many moments that are past and gone,
(Moments of sunshine and of joy) recall ;
Though the long night is dark and damp around,
And no still star hangs out its friendly flame ;
And the winds sweep the fash with fullen sound,
And freezing palsy creeps o’er all my frame ;
I catch consoling phantasies that spring
From the thick gloom, and as the night-airs beat,
They touch my heart, like the wild wires that ring
In mournful modulations, strange and sweet.
Was it the voice of thee, my buried friend ?
Was it the whisper’d vow of faithful love ?
Do I in ***** green shades thy steps attend,
And hear the high pines murmur thus above ?
’Twas not thy voice, my buried friend !—O no :
’Twas not, O ***** , the murmur of thy trees ;
But at the thought I feel my bosom glow,
And woo the dream whose air-drawn shadows please.
And I can think I see the groves again,
The larches that yon peaceful roof embow’r,
The airy down, the cattle-speckl’d plain,
And the grey sunshine on the village tow’r.
And I can think I hear its sabbath chime
Come smoothly soften’d down the woody vale ;
Or mark on yon lone eminence sublime,
Fast whirling in the wind, the white mill’s sail.
Phantom ! that by my bed dost beck’ning glide ;
Spectre of Death ! to the damp charnel hie ;
Thy dim pale hand, thy fest’ring visage, hide :
Thou com’st to say “ *I with thy worms shall lie !*” p. 5.

The third line in the second stanza is particularly good. The subsequent address to *Content* is rather, we think, a misnomer:—it should have been to *Resignation*; for in circumstances of pain and affliction, we cannot properly be said to be content; because, though we are resigned to the dispensations of providence, we cannot but wish things were otherwise. With a low degree of positive happiness we may be perfectly content. A shepherd may not even wish to be a king. Content is therefore *the poor man's friend*, but cannot be, as Mr. Bowles asserts, *the sick man's nurse*. The last stanza is mournfully soothing; but instead of acquiescing in the tenour of it, we must be allowed to hope that the Muse of Mr. Bowles will soon be called upon to furnish a strain suitable to the cheerful and inspiring ideas of returning health and spirits—

' Slow pining pain weighs down my heavy eye,
A chiller faintness steals upon my breast;
" O gentle Muse, with some sweet lullaby,"
Rock me in long forgetfulness to rest.' P. 114.

Mensa Regum, or the Table of Kings, exhibiting the Fate of Sovereigns, with the appropriate Images of Peace and War. 4to. 1s. 6d. Hookham. 1795.

The presages of impending fate have commonly been considered as warnings:—here is a poet who considers them as a lure:

' Lur'd by each presage of impending fate
That swells o'er all this range of horrid war
(Too well depicted in the winter's gloom)
I quit,—who would not joy to quit? the scene
Where dire infection loads each passing gale,
Sent from the corse of many a destin'd wretch
Who ne'er may breathe the mountain air again.' P. 1.

From 'the summit's sloping height' the author proceeds to take a view of the seat of war. The compliment to the Duke of York is followed by such an extraordinary portrait, as never entered into the imagination of painter or poet to conceive—

' Anxious for all, for Britons anxious most,
And most for One, for daring ALBANY
Seen in the van, as BRUNSWICK should be seen,
She hopes, she fears, she trembles, and admires:—
Well pleas'd to see (so seldom seen) combin'd
A warrior's ardor, and a warrior's care.
Nor mark'd in him alone:—each kindred soul,
Each true-born Briton, mindful of his fires,
Shares in the meed, and emulates the fame.
Ev'n whilst he views his quiv'ring limbs in air
(The corse fast pouring every stream of life),
Needless of life he cheers his happier mate

To onward deeds, recalling Blenheim's field,
Or Minden's plain; then with his parting breath
Hurls imprecation on the coming Gaul.' P. 4.

Who does not turn from such a picture with horror and disgust? If to create these sentiments on a view of the scenes of war, had been the professed design of the poet, it should have met with our most hearty concurrence; but the description of the misfortunes of the royal family of France seems laboured to produce a very contrary effect: how well laboured, let the reader judge for himself.

' From dire effects to direr causes led
Shield me, ye powers! in pity, shield my heart
From such dread scenes as record never knew,
Or, knowing, blush'd to note! — But truth forbids
To hide the horrid tale: with trembling hand
She marks each deed in tints of sacred blood
To shame this age, and startle those to come.—
His lovelier consort following to her doom,
First on the lists a headless monarch lies,
The first in dignity, as first in woe!' P. 11.

Perhaps the reader will think there is no great dignity in this description; it however fires the poet into an ecstasy of rage, which vents itself into an explosion of irregular rhyme:—

' Now string the martial lyre anew;
Lo! Gallia's frantic race in view—
Gallia, that erst could faith, could honor boast;
Now lost to faith, to all but prowess lost!—
May fate brood o'er the clime on raven wings!
Thy crimes, O Atreus, there restore;
Let mothers suck each infant's gore,
Lest such should live to loathe and murder kings!' P. 17.

The poet then recovering himself from his frenzy, very properly exclaims—

' How dread is rage! how impotent! how base!
And losing sight of military glory, suffers himself to be surprised
into rational sentiment—

' Avaunt the meed which conquest's sway bestows,
That drains the widow's, drains the orphan's tear!
Soon, ev'ry wreath that proud ambition flows,
Must yield to fables nodding o'er his bier.
If to the Macedonian youth I turn,
Or probe the depth of Julius' daring mind;
Too long deluded, all their fame I spurn,
And loathe the splendid murd'ers of their kind!' P. 18.

The effusion of loyalty with which the author concludes, is, we make no doubt, extremely well meant; though, to a monarch less eminently virtuous, it might be suspected of sarcasm—

‘ Long hath he reign’d, and longer may he reign
The friend, the father of a grateful isle!
And when approving heav’n may seal his doom,
(Well earn’d by virtuous deeds,) for greater bliss
Than thrones below can give; *there* may he sit
Where Israel’s monarch, *frail* and *base* no more,
Tunes his no longer penitential harp,
And cheers the MENSA REGUM of the skies!’ P. 22.

Bagatelles. Or, Miscellaneous Productions; consisting of Original Poetry, and Translations; principally by the Editor, Weeden Butler, B. A. of Sidney-Sussex-College, Cambridge. 8vo. 3s. Sewed. Cadell and Davies. 1795.

The title which the author has chosen for his poems will sufficiently intimate they are only calculated to amuse an idle hour: nor will they do even that with readers who require spirit, elegance, and correctness, in the lightest trifles that are submitted to their notice. The author seems to be greatly deficient in the first and lowest requisite for poetry—an ear for metrical harmony; or he would not have given us the following line as the burden of an Ode, the rest of which is in the common ten feet heroic measure—

‘ Implores our alms for Belisario.’

Nor would the poet, if he had understood his powers, have attempted to imitate Collins, in giving us pieces without rhyme, which require the nicest ear, and the greatest choice of poetical expression, to prevent their being flat and prosaic. The pretty piece of madame Deshoulières, *Les Moutons*, translated in this way, is made mere prose, and the translation besides is far from faithful. The following epigram is better, but *orcus* is very improperly rendered by *hell*—

‘ VET. EPIG.

‘ Bis duo sunt homines, manes, caro, spiritus, umbra;
Quatuor has partes tot loca suscipiunt.
Terra tegit carnem; tumultum circumvolat umbra;
Orcus habet manes; spiritus astra petit.’

‘ TRANSLATION.

‘ All men are four-fold, ghost, flesh, spirit, shade:
Four different stations wait us when we die.
Earth claims our flesh; ghosts are to hell convey’d;
Our shadows haunt the tombs, our spirits mount the sky.’

P. 112

L A W.

An Essay on Uses. By William Cruise, Esq. of Lincoln's-Inn, Barrister at Law, Author of the Essay on Fines and Recoveries. 8vo. 3s. Boards. Butterworth. 1795.

The doctrine and history of uses form a very profound and interesting part of our system of jurisprudence. To view the devices adopted by the rapacious clergy of the church of Rome to elude the jealous provisions of the legislature,—and to trace the degrees by which the landed property of this country was insensibly emancipated from the restraints of the feudal tenure,—is an amusing employment for the legal antiquarian. On the other hand, the lawyer of business need not be told how closely the modern practice of conveyancing is connected with those ancient fictions that received original sanction from the interpretative latitude of an authority inimical to the forms and maxims of the common law.

The great lord Bacon, whose masterly genius pervaded almost every science, in his reading on the statute of uses, has left a valuable treasure to the student. Mr. Cruise's Essay seems chiefly intended for practical information; it is well written, and the references are *select* rather than *numerous*,—a merit which we wish was more frequently to be ascribed to law publications.

D R A M A T I C.

The Secret Tribunal: a Play. In Five Acts. By James Boaden, Author of Fontainville Forest, as performed at the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden. 8vo. 2s. Longman. 1795.

The interesting romance of Herman of Unna has supplied the materials for this play. The circumstances that implicate Herman in the suspicion of being one of the assassins of the duke of Wirtemberg,—the appearance of Ida before the secret tribunal,—and the command given to Ulric to put Herman to death, are the incidents chiefly made use of: but they are feebly worked up; and the constant comparison we are obliged to make between the play and the novel, turns out so much to the advantage of the latter, as to lessen greatly the effect which so singular a story would otherwise have. Indeed it is rather a disadvantage to an author of any genius to work upon a known story, which has been already drawn out in its full lineaments and finished colouring. Our curiosity has been already gratified—our feelings already exhausted. As an addition, however, to that necessary variety which the proprietors of our theatres are obliged to exhibit every season, the Secret Tribunal is not inferior to many others of the same ephemeral nature.

The

The Roses ; or King Henry the Sixth ; an Historical Tragedy. Represented at Reading School, October 15th, 16th, and 17th, 1795. Compiled principally from Shakespeare. Published, as it was performed, for the Benefit of the cheap Repository for Moral and Instructive Tracts. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Elmsley. 1795.

School plays can hardly be better chosen than from the historical dramas of Shakespeare : but they generally require some alteration to fit them for representation. *The Roses* has been compiled by Dr Valpy, for the use of his young men at Reading School, from the third part of Henry the Sixth, with some passages from the two former parts of the same, and from Richard the Second—the whole connected together with passages of his own composition. These and the prologue give the play a turn to modern events and politics: and, indeed, the mild and pious character of the unwarlike Henry bears no very distant resemblance to that of the unfortunate Louis the Sixteenth. The epilogue, by Mr. Pye, is meant (at least we understand it so) to pay a compliment to the worthy promoters of the plan for the *cheap repository*, for the benefit of which this play was acted and printed.

NOVELS.

Mysteries Elucidated, a Novel. In three Volumes. By the Author of Danish Massacre, Monmouth, &c. 12mo. 9s. Sewed. Lane. 1795.

A dedication to the princess of Wales (in the usual style of dedications) and a dissertation on romances, are prefixed to the present work.—Of the author's critical abilities we can say but little:—the remarks are trite, and the censure implied on Mrs. Radcliffe's celebrated productions futile. This is not the age of superstition,—our present youth are not likely to be injured by supernatural terrors,—a different mode of thinking, on these subjects, has too generally pervaded society,—the powers displayed in the works alluded to, have raised the writer above invidious or petty attacks. Our author has succeeded somewhat better in narration than in criticism.—Her story is founded on the civil dissensions in the time of Edward the Second, his tragical death (which is depicted with pathos), and the fall of Mortimer, intermixed with a variety of fictitious incidents.—Invention is displayed, and curiosity interested. Mrs. Mackenzie is wonderfully loyal and refined,—kings are objects of her idolatry,—and female delicacy and gentleness are delineated in the true spirit of ancient times. The lover is also a gallant and courteous knight,—a mirror of chivalry,—a being that exists only in the fancies of ladies and romance-writers,—uniting tender tears, melting softness, and timid solitudes, with the stern impetuosity and inflexible courage of, what has been called, a hero.—If such things ever were, it is certain they no longer exist. The style of the work is throughout incorrect, consequently often obscure.

Edington :

Edington; a Novel. By Richard Hey, Esq. In two Volumes. 12mo. 6s. Vernor and Hood. 1796.

This novel contains a simple, domestic, rural tale,—a tale that does credit to the humane feelings, benevolent affections, and unaffected good sense of the author. We feel peculiar pleasure in recommending it to our young readers. There are some scenes in the second volume, which, without being highly wrought up, touch the heart, and, while moving, can scarcely fail to mend it.

M I S C E L L A N E O U S.

The Ranger, a Collection of Periodical Essays, inscribed to the Rev. Thomas Atwood, M. A. by the Hon. M. Hawke, and Sir R. Vincent, Bart. 2 Vols. 8vo. 10s. 6d. Boards. Martin and Bain. 1795.

The concluding number of these volumes, which it seems have been separately detailed in periodical papers, informs us that, 'the ages of the two authors taken conjointly, do not amount to thirty-three years,' and, 'that their principal object in pursuing the work has been the desire of private improvement in literature.' We hope it has answered the purpose, as, certainly young people cannot follow a method more conducive towards forming a free and correct style than the frequent writing of themes. We shall not interfere with the tutor's province by animadverting on these early productions; especially as *he* could with propriety give them that relative praise which is justly their due, but to which compositions that are produced voluntarily before the tribunal of the public can plead no claim. They confirm a remark which we have often had occasion to make, that imitation and not fancy mark the first sallies of the youthful mind. The observations on life and manners, and the delineation of fictitious characters, which form the subject of the greatest part of these papers, are copied (we do not mean to insinuate a plagiarism) from the Rambler, Adventurer, and other of our periodical works, to which an acquaintance with general literature would naturally introduce the young student. Only indeed we do not remember to have observed in any one of these so great a proportion of *bad wives*; the young gentlemen seem to have a formidable opinion of the sex. We rather wonder their subjects have not been influenced by their recent studies, and that some of them are not taken from classical ground. We are happy however, to observe, that right principles and pure moral sentiments pervade the whole; and whereas it is usual to wish to authors that their works may survive them, we, on the contrary, think so well of these young candidates for the wreath of fame, and see in these papers so fair a promise of improvement, that we wish they may long survive their works.

